

THE

841
960/1746

Muse's Vagaries ;

S OR, THE M

MERRY MORTAL'S COMPANION.

CONSISTING OF

*Facetious Tales,
Satirical Jokes,
Diverting Letters,
Comical Songs,*

*Humorous Epigrams,
Whimsical Wills,
Epitaphs, &c.
&c. &c. &c.*

The whole calculated to create Mirth
and good Humour ; to cure the Spleen
and expel Vapours ; drive away Sorrow ;
and increase the Diversion of all the
Merry Fellows, Honest Hearts, and Jo-
vial Souls round about the Wrekin.

B Y

Sir SOLOMON GUNDY, Knt.

A N D

MARGERY MERRYPIN, Spinster.

*Our Hearts, our Mistresses, and our Friend should share,
Our Time, the Muse, the Witty, and the Fair :
Thus, wisely Careless, innocently Gay,
Chearful, let's pass the Trifle LIFE away.*

POPE.

L O N D O N :

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THE



T H E
Muses Vagaries;
O R, T H E
MERRY MORTAL'S
COMPANION.

*All Alive and Merry ; or, the Honest Toper's
Invitation to the HUMDRUMS, in and
about London.*

A new SONG.



OME all you *Humdrums* that encum-
ber the Earth,
You Foes unto nothing but Merit and
Mirth,
Who Saunter, Yawn, Slumber, and
Dream, as you walk,
And doze away Life, between Buzzard and Hawk.

Derry down, down, &c.

B

Ye

The MUSES VAGARIES ;

Ye Gluttons, who dig your own Graves with your
Teeth,
Whose Guts mount aloft, while your Brains sink
beneath,
Who, because you get Younkers, eat Custard, and
thrive,
Have the monstrous Assurance to think you're alive !

Derry down, down, &c.

Who fancy you're sick, when the Case is just this,
That the best Sons of Art can find nothing amiss,
But a Face or a Fancy incurably dull,
Or a Noddle too empty, or Belly too full.

Derry down, down, &c.

Who in *Pope* and arch *Allan** no Beauties can find,
And swear mighty *Swift* is no Friend to Mankind,
On whom Mirth and good Humour, and Wit's
thrown away,

Whom nothing can please, but to hoot and to bray.

Derry down, down, &c.

Alive and all merry ! our Spirits dance round !
There's Music, and Mettle, and Life in the Sound.
Assist me Lord *Flame*, and *Euphrosyne* gay,
While Mirth in its Pomp, I attempt to display.

Derry down, down, &c.

Each worthy Lord May'r, and right worshipful Cit,
Without the Expence of Sense, Learning or Wit,
To be pert, brisk, and smart, a huge Bustle may make,
But can never prove merry, alive, or awake.

Derry down, down, &c.

* Arch *Allan*, i. e. *Allan Ramsay*.

But the Man of all Men that wou'd shine upon Earth,
A true Son of Laughter, of Wit, and of Mirth,
Apollo and *Pallas* must fashion his Mind,
And leave their indelible Traces behind.

Derry down, down, &c.

When these have accomplisht the Stripling, and when
He's finish'd and bright by the Converse of Men,
Consummate with Time, he in Glory may show
The Christian, the Scholar, the Courtier, and Beau.

Derry down, down, &c.

If to these he is blest'd with a competent Wealth,
And the Treasure of Freedom, Contentment and Health,
In glorious Succession new Pleasures he feels,
And Life neither stagnates, nor runs upon Wheels.

Derry down, down, &c.

He dances, he sings, easy, active, and airy,
Such Gifts are enough to make any Man merry ;
Refining what's earthy, they render the Whole
All Wit, Mirth, and Vigour, Life, Spirit, and Soul.

Derry down, down, &c.

Yet Mirth so well grounded, exempt from all Folly,
Is not quite exclusive of soft Melancholy ;
Like serious Reflection, this tempers his Joy,
And makes his bright Minutes more chearfully fly.

Derry down, down, &c.

His Children, Wife, Friends, whom he loves be-
yond Gold,
Are all in high Rapture his Face to behold ;
For his tragical Airs can our Laughter provoke ;
And, tho' grave to a Wonder, are turn'd for a Joke.

Derry down, down, &c.

Nay, when his Meridian is clouded or past,
His Humour ne'er flags, but will hold to the last,
His fourth Generation he triumphs to see
Alive and all merry, Dance *a la Paris* *.

Derry down, down, &c.

Lo! such is the Hero, by Nature design'd
The Joy of the Earth, and Delight of Mankind
Such Creatures alone are alive, I insist,
The rest are stark dead, and may rot when they list.

Derry down, down, &c.

The POET'S PRAYER.

IF e'er in thy Sight I found Favour, *Apello*,
Defend me from all the Disasters which follow:
From the Knaves, and the Fools, and the Fops of the
Time,
From the Drudges in Prose, and the Triflers in Rhime:
From the Patch-work and Toils of the Royal Sack-
bibber,
Those dead *Birth-Day-Odes*, and the Farces of *Cibber*.
From servile Attendance on Men in high Places,
Their Worships, and Honours, and Lordships, and
Graces:
From long Dedications to Patrons unworthy,
Who hear and receive, but will do nothing for thee:

* At *Paris*, Men and Women, as well as Children, dance
Hands round, every one singing.

From

From being careſs'd to be left in the Lurch,
 The Tool of a Party, in State or in Church:
 From dumb thinking Blockheads, as ſober as *Turks*,
 And petulant Bards, who repeat their own Works:
 From all the gay Things of a Drawing-room ſhow,
 The Sight of a *Belle* and the Smell of a *Beau*:
 From buſy Back-biters, and Tatlers and Carpers,
 And ſcurvy Acquaintance of Fiddlers and Sharpers:
 From old Politicians, and Coffee-Houſe Lectures,
 The Dreams of a *Chemist*, and Schemes of Projectors:
 From the Fears of a Goal, and the Hopes of a Penſion,
 The Tricks of a Gameſter, and Oaths of an Enſign:
 From ſhallow *Free-thinkers* in Taverns diſputing,
 Nor ever confuted, nor ever confuting:
 From the conſtant good Fare of another Man's Board,
 My Lady's broad Hints: And the Jeſts of my Lord:
 * From hearing old *Chemists* prelecting *de oleo*,
 And reading of *Dutch* Commentators in *Folio*:
 From waiting like *Gay*, for whole Years at *Whitehall*,
 From the Pride of great Wits and the Envy of ſmall:
 From very fine Ladies with very fine Incomes,
 Which they finely lay out on fine Toys and fine Trin-
 cums:
 From the Pranks of Ridottos and Court Maſquerades,
 The Snares of young Jilts and the Spight of old Maids:
 From a ſaucy dull Stage, and ſubmitting to Share,
 In an empty third Night with a beggarly Play'r:
 From *Curl* and ſuch *Printers* as would ha' me curſt,
 To write ſecond Parts, let who will write the firſt.

* This alludes to the Prelections of the late Dr. Smyth, *De Oleo & Bitumine*, annually held in *Trinity College, Dublin*.

From all pious Patriots, who would to their Best,
 Put on a new *Tax*, and take off an old *Test* ;
 From the Faith of Informers, the Fangs of the law,
 And the great Rogues, who keep all the lesser in awe :
 From a poor Country-cure, that living-interment :
 With a Wife and no Prospect of any Preferment :
 From scribbling for Hire, when my credit is sunk,
 To buy no-new Coat, and to line an old Trunk :
 From 'Squires, who divert us with Jokes at their Tables
 Of Hounds in their Kennels and Nags in their Stables :
 From the Nobles and Commons, who bound in strict
 league are
 To subscribe for no Book, yet subscribe to *Heidegger* :
 From the Cant of *Fanaticks*, the Jargon of Schools :
 The Censures of wise Men, and Praises of Fools :
 From Critics who never read *Latin* or *Greek*,
 And Pedants, who boast they read both all the Week :
 If ever thou didst, or wilt ever befriend me,
 From these and such Evils, *Apollo* defend me :
 And let me be rather but honest with no-wit,
 Than a noisy nonsensical half-witted Poet.

The honest COUNTRYMAN'S LITANY.

FROM a Wife of small Fortune but yet very proud,
 Who values herself on her Family's Blood :
 Who seldom talks Sense, but for ever is loud.

Libera me.

From

From Children begotten on such a curst Mother,
Who are like to their Dam as one Pea to another :
From seven of these Brats without ever a Brother.

Libera me.

From living i'th' Parish that has an old Kirk,
Where the Parson would rule like a *Jew* or a *Turk* :
And keeps a poor Curate to do all his Work.

Libera me.

From a Justice oth' Peace who'll put up no Offence,
But construes the Law in its most rigid Sense :
And still to bind over will find some Pretence.

Libera me.

From Baliffs, Attorneys, and all common Rogues,
From *Irish* Nonsense, their Boggs and their Brogues :
From *Scots* bonny Clabber, their Clawing and Shrugs.

Libera me.

From spiritual Courts, Citations and Libels,
From Proctors, Apparitors, and all the Tribe else:
Which never were read of yet in any Bibles.

Libera me.

From being oblig'd to attend at Assizes,
And serve upon Juries of curst *Nisi Prius* :
From damp Beds, or itchy, or such where there Lice is.

Libera me.

From dealing with great Men and taking their Word,
From waiting whole Mornings to speak with my Lord :
Who puts off his Payments, and puts on his Sword.

Libera me.

From trusting to Hypocrites, Wretches who trifle,
With Heav'n, that on Earth more secure they may rifle :
Who Conscience, and Honour, and Honesty stifle.

Libera me.

From

*From black Coats who never the Gospel yet taught,
 From red Coats who never a Battle yet fought :
 From Petty-coats where the Inside's very naught.*

Libera me.

The BEAU's LITANY.

BY the Toast of your Health when full Bumpers go
 down,

By the am'rous Masquerade Beaus of the Town,

By the powder'd pert Fop, and the rustic dull Clown.

I prithee now hear me, dear *Chloe*,

By the Pink of the Mode, which the Fair so adore,

By the Pride of your Sex, when their Smiles we im-
 plore,

By the Charms of your Dress, and the Force of its
 Pow'r,

I prithee &c.

By the Posy display'd on your Ring or your Garter,

By your delicate Snuff Box, enamell'd much smarter,

By the *Je-ne sçay-quoy* Air, when your Captives cry
 Quarter,

I prithee &c.

By the simpering Dimple your Smiling discovers,

By the ogling Glance when you captivate Lovers,

By the coquetting Belles who censure all others,

I prithee &c.

By that Circle your Hoop, which such Charms does
 inclose,

By your killing bright Eyes, and your aquiline Nose,

By the Death they commit, when a Spark you depose,

I prithee &c.

B;

By your Lips so ambrosial, and Bosom so fair,
By your Parrot's fine Prattle, which charms your
fine Ear,

By the generous Sylphs who makes you their Care,
I prithee &c

By your Lilly-white Hands and Fingers so pretty,
By your exquisite Genius facetious and witty,
By all the gay Fancies describ'd in this Ditty,
I prithee, &c.

*Upon seeing a Gentleman and Lady toying
at Scarborough.*

THrice happy *Daniel* and his Wife,
The Glory of the married Life,
He's always feeling of her Bubby,
She tickles in return his Toby.
They show such Fondness in the Light,
I fear there's nothing done at Night,





The MUSES VAGARIES.

*A True and Lamentable Ballad, call'd The
EARL'S Defeat.*

[To the Tune of *Chevy Chase*.]

On both Sides Slaughter, and gigantick Deeds.

MILTON

GOD prosper long from being broke,
The * *Luck* of *Eden-Hall*,
A doleful Drinking-bout I sing,
There lately did befall.

To chase the Spleen with Cup and Cann,
Duke *Philip* took his Way,
Babes yet unborn shall never see
The like of such a Day.

The stout and ever thirsty Duke,
A Vow to God did make,
His Pleasure within *Cumberland*,
Three live-long Nights to take.

Sir *Musgrave* too, of *Martindale*,
A true and worthy Knight,
Eftsoon with him a Bargain made,
In drinking to delight.

The Bumpers swiftly pass about,
Six in hand went round ;
And with their calling for more Wine,
They made the Hall resound.

* A Pint-Bumper at Sir *Christopher Musgrave* ' Now

Now when these merry Tidings reach'd,
The Earl of *Harold's* Ears,
And am I (quoth he, with an Oath)
Thus flighted by my Peers.

Saddle my Steed, bring forth my Boots,
I'll be with them right quick,
And Master Sheriff come you too,
We'll know this scurvy Trick.

Lo, yonder doth Earl *Harold* come,
(Did one at Table say ;)
'Tis well reply'd the mett'd Duke,
How will he get away ?

When thus the Earl began, Great Duke,
I'll know how this did chance,
Without inviting me, sure this
You did not learn in *France*.

One of us two, for this Offence,
Under the Board shall lie ;
I know the well a Duke thou art,
So some Years hence shall I.

But trust me, *Wharton*, Pity 'twere,
So much good Wine to spill,
As these Companions here may drink,
E're they have had their Fill.

Let thou and I in Bumpers full,
This grand Affair decide.
Accurs'd be he, Duke *Wharton* said,
By whom it is deny'd.

To *Andrews*, and to *Hotham*, Fair,
Many a Pint went round.
And many a gallant Gentleman
Lay sick upon the Ground.

When, at the last, the Duke espy'd,
He had the Earl secure;
He ply'd him with a full Pint Glass,
Which laid him on the Floor.

Who never spoke more Words than these,
After he downwards sunk,
My worthy Friends, revenge my Fall,
Duke *Wharton* sees me drunk.

Then, with a Groan, Duke *Philip* held
The sick Man by the Joint,
And said, Earl *Harold*, 'stead of thee,
Would I had drank this Pint.

Alack! my very Heart doth bleed,
And doth within me sink;
For surely a more sober Earl
Did never swallow Drink.

With

With that the Sheriff, in a Rage,
To see the Earl so smit,
Vow'd to revenge the dead drunk Peer
Upon renown'd Sir *Kit*.

Then stepp'd a gallant 'Squire forth,
Of Visage thin and pale,
Lloyd was his Name, and of *Gang-hall*,
Fast by the River *Twale*.

Who said he would not have it told
Where *Eden* River ran,
That unconcern'd he should sit by;
So, Sheriff, I'm your Man.

Now when these Tidings reach'd the Room,
Where the Duke lay in Bed,
How that the 'Squire suddenly
Upon the Floor was laid.

O heavy Tidings! (quoth the Duke)
Cumberland Witness be,
I have not any Captain more,
Of such Account as he.

Like Tidings to Earl *Tanet* came,
Within as short a Space,
How that the under Sheriff too
Was fallen from his Place.

Now

Now God be with him (said the Earl)

Sith 'twill no better be,

I trust I have within my Town,

As drunken Knights as he.

Of all the Number that were there,

Sir *Bains* he scorn'd to yield;

But with a Bumper in his Hand,

He stagger'd o'er the Field.

Thus did this dire Contention end,

And each Man of the Slain

Were quickly carried off to Bed,

Their Senses to regain.

God bless the King, the Dutches's fat,

And keep the Land in Peace,

And grant that Drunkenness henceforth

'Mongst Noblemen may cease.

And bless likewise our Royal Prince,

The Kingdom's other Hope,

And grant us Grace, for to defy

The *Devil* and the *Pope*.

*The HERON: A Tale for the Old
MAIDS.*

A Her'n, erect with stately Stride,
Was coasting by a River's Side ;
Where gilded Carps in limpid Stream,
Sported before him in the Gleam ;
And lordly Pikes courted his Taste,
He needed only stoop to feast :
But hoping something nicer might offer,
Dainty, he flights, the present Proffer .
Not long but Appetite restor'd,
Draws him again down to a Ford ;
Here the firm slimy Tench he found ;
(But nothing better all around)
Such low Repast with Scorn refus'd,
Thus proudly with himself he mus'd----
What, Tench for me ! such wretched Stuff
Might serve an Otter well enough ;
But Her'ns thus low to condescend,
Like City-Mouse, with Country Friend !
Unmov'd, he views the homely Fare,
Nor thinks it worth a single Care :
The Tench swims off---- the Gudgeons next,
Approach our Hero ---- now perplex ;
But he who scorn'd their Betters so,
Scorns them ---- and lets the Gudgeon go ;
And now all gone, both good and bad ;
(A Fin on no Terms to be had)
Poor Long-thanks seeing no great Choice,
Knew 'twas a Folly to be nice ;

And

And so to make his Supper sure,
Eat Snails like any Epicure.

DOWN-HALL. A BALLAD.

I.

I SING not Old *Jason*, who travel'd thro' *Greece*,
To kiss the fair *Maids*, and possess the rich *Fleece*;
Nor sing I *Eneas*, who led by his Mother,
Got rid of *One Wife*, and went far for *Another*.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

II.

Nor him who through *Asia* and *Europe* did roam,
Ulysses by Name, who ne'er cry'd to go home;
But rather desir'd to see Cities and Men,
Than return to his Farms, and converse with old *Pew*.

III.

Hang *Homer* and *Virgil*; their meaning to seek,
A Man must have pok'd in the *Latin* and *Greek*;
Those who love their own Tongue, we have Reason
to hope,
Have read them translated by *Dryden* and *Pope*.

IV.

But I sing Exploits that have lately been done
By two *British* Heroes, call'd *Matthew* and *John* *.

* *Matthew Prior*, Esq; and *John Morley* of *Halstead* in *Essex*, Esq; bred a Butcher (but was accounted one of the greatest Land-Jobbers in *England*) and in Honour of his Profession annually killed a *Hog*, in the publick Market, and took a Groat for it. He died in 1732.

And

And how they rid friendly from fine *London Town*,
Fair *Essex* to see, and a Place they call *DOWN*.

V.

Now e're they went out, you may rightly suppose
How much they discours'd both in *Prudence* and *Prose*,
For before this great *Journey* was throughly concerted,
Full often they met ; and as often they parted.

VI.

And thus *Matthew* said, Look you here my Friend
John,
I fairly have travel'd Years thirty and one ;
And tho' I still carry'd my *Sovereign's Warrants*,
I only have gone upon other *Folk's Errands*.

VII.

And now in this *Journey* of Life I wou'd have
A Place where to Bait, 'twixt the *Court* and the *Grave* ;
Where joyful to live, not unwilling to die——
Gadzooks, I have just such a Place in my Eye.

VIII.

There are Gardens so stately, and Arbours so thick,
A Portal of Stone, and a Fabric of Brick :
The Matter next Week shall be all in your Pow'r ;
But the Money, Gadzooks, must be paid in an Hour.

IX.

For Things in this World must by Law be made
certain,
We both must repair unto *Oliver Martin* ;
For he is a *Lawyer* of worthy Renown.
I'll bring you to see, he must fix you at *Down*.

D

X. Quoth

X.

Quoth *Matthew*, I know that from *Berwick* to *Dover*
 You've sold all our Premises over and over :
 And now if your Buyers and Sellers agree,
 You may throw all our Acres into the *South-Sea*.

XI.

But a Word to the Purpose ; To-morrow, dear Friend
 We'll see, what To-night you so highly commend.
 And if with a Garden and House I am blest,
 Let the *Devil* and *Coningsby* * go with the rest.

XII.

Then answer'd 'Squire *Morley*, pray get a *Calash*,
 That in *Summer* may Burn, and in *Winter* may Splash ;
 I love Dirt and Dust ; and 'tis always my Pleasure
 To take with me much of the Soil that I measure.

XIII.

But *Matthew* thought better : For *Matthew* thought
 right,
 And hired a Chariot so trim and so tight,
 That Extremes both of *Winter* and *Summer* might pass :
 For one *Window* was *Canvas*, the other was *Glass*.

XIV.

Draw up, quoth Friend *Matthew* ; pull down,
 quoth Friend *John*,
 We shall be both hotter and colder anon.
 Thus talking and scolding, they forward did speed ;
 And *Ralpho* pac'd by, under *Newman* the *Swede*.

* Lord *Coningsby*, with whom he had differ'd

XV.

Into an old Inn did this Equipage roll,
At a Town they call *Hodson*, the Sign of the *Bull*,
Near a *Nymph* with an *Urn*, that divides the High-way,
And into a Puddle throws *Mother of Tea*.

XVI.

Come here, my sweet Landlady, pray how d' ye do ?
Where is '*Sisley*, so cleanly, and *Prudence* and *Sue* ?
And where is the *Widow* that dwelt here below ?
And the *Hostler* that sung about eight Years ago ?

XVII.

And where is your *Sister* so mild and so dear ?
Whose Voice to her *Maids* like a Trumpet was clear :
By my Troth, *she replies*, you grow *Younger*, I think :
And pray, Sir, what Wine does the Gentleman drink ?

XVIII.

Why now let me die, Sir, or live upon Trust :
If I know to which Question to answer you first :
Why Things, since I saw you, most strangely have
vary'd,
The *Hostler* is Hang'd, and the *Widow* is Marry'd.

XIX.

And *Prue* left a Child for the Parish to Nurse ;
And '*Sisley* went off with a Gentleman's Purse ;
And as to my *Sister* so mild and so dear,
She has lain in the Church-yard full many a Year.

XX.

Well, Peace to her Ashes ; what signifies Grief ?
She Roasted red *Veal*, and the Powder'd lean *Beef* :
Full

Full nicely she knew to cook-up a fine Dish
For tough was her *Pullets*, and tender her *Fish*.

XXI.

For that Matter, Sir, be ye 'Squire, Knight, or Lord,
I'll give you whate'er a good Inn can afford:
I shou'd look on myself as unhappily sped,
Did I yield to a Sister, or Living, or Dead.

XXII.

Of *Mutton* a delicate Neck and a Breast
Shall swim in the *Water* in which they were drest:
And because You great Folks are with Rarities taken,
Addle-Eggs shall be next Course, tost up with rank
Bacon.

XXIII.

Then Supper was serv'd, and the Sheets they were
laid;
And *Morley* most lovingly whisper'd the *Maid*,
'The *Maid*! was she handsome? why truly so, so:
But what *Morley* whisper'd, we never shall know.

XXIV.

Then up rose these *Heroes* as brisk as the Sun,
And their Horses, like his, were prepared to run.
Now when in the Morning *Matt* ask'd for the Score,
John kindly had paid it the Ev'ning before.

XXV.

Their Breakfast so warm to be sure they did eat,
A Custom in Travellers, mighty discreet;
And thus with great Friendship and Glee they went on,
To find out the Place you shall hear of anon
call'd DOWN, down, hey derry down.

XXVI. But

XXVI.

But what did they talk of from Morning 'till Noon?
Why, of Spots in the Sun, and the Man in the Moon;
Of the Czar's gentle Temper, the Stocks in the City,
The wise Men of *Greece*, and the Secret-Committee.

XXVII.

So to *Harlow* they came; and hey, where are you all?
Shews us into the Parlour, and Mind when I call:
Why, your Maids have no Motion, your Men have
no Life;
Well, Master I heard you have buried your Wife.

XXVIII.

Come this very Instant, take care to provide
Tea, Sugar, and Toast, and a Horse and a Guide;
Are the *Harrisons* here, both the old and the young?
And where stands fair *Down*, the Delight of my Song?

XXIX.

O 'Squire, to the Grief of my Heart I may say,
I have buried two Wives since you travel'd this Way;
And the *Harrisons* both may be presently here;
And *Down* stands, I think, where it stood the last
Year.

XXX.

Then *Joan* brought the Tea-pot, and *Caleb* the
Toast;
And the Wine was froth'd out by the Hand of mine
Host:
But we clear'd our *extempore* Banquet so fast,
That the *Harrisons* both were forgot in the Haste.

XXXI. Now

XXXI.

Now hey for *Down-Hall* ; for the Guide he was got ;
 The Chariot was mounted ; the Horses did trot ;
 The Guide he did bring us a dozen Mile round ;
 But oh ! all in vain ; for no *Down* cou'd be found.

XXXII.

O thou *Papish* Guide, thou hast led us astray.
 Says he, how the Devil shou'd I know the Way ?
 I never yet travel'd this Road in my Life :
 But *Down* lies on the left, I was told by my Wife.

XXXIII.

Thy Wife, answer'd *Matthew*, when she went
 abroad,
 Ne'er told thee of half the Bye-ways she had trod :
 Perhaps she met Friends, and brought Pence to thy
 House,
 But thou shalt go home without ever a Soufe.

XXXIV.

What is this Thing, *Morley*, and how can you
 mean it ?
 We have lost our Estate here, before we have seen it.
 Have Patience, soft, *Morley* in Anger reply'd :
 To find out our Way, let us send off our Guide.

XXXV.

O here I spy *Down*, cast your Eye to the West
 Where a Wind-mill so stately stands plainly confest.
 On the West, reply'd *Matthew*, no Wind-mill I find
 As well thou may'st tell me, I see the West-Wind.

XXXVI. Now

XXXVI.

Now pardon me, *Morley*, the Wind-mill I spy,
But faithful *Achates*, no House is there nigh.
Look again, says mild *Morley*, gadzooks you are blind :
The Mill stands before ; and the House lies behind.

XXXVII.

O now a low ruin'd white Shed I discern,
Until'd and unglaz'd ; I believe 'tis a Barn.
A Barn ! why you rave : 'Tis a House for a 'Squire,
A Justice of Peace, or a Knight of our Shire.

XXXVIII.

A House shou'd be built, or with Brick, or with Stone.
Why, 'tis Plaister and Lath ; and, I think, that's all one.
And such as it is, it has stood with great Fame,
Been called a *Hall*, and has given its Name

To DOWN, down, hey derry down.

XXXIX.

O *Morley*, O *Morley*, if that be a Hall ;
The Fame with the Building will suddenly Fall—
With your Friend *Jemmy Gibbs* about Buildings agree,
My Business is Land ; and it matters not me.

XL.

I wish you could tell what a Duce your Head ails :
I shew'd you *Down-Hall* ; did you look *Versailles* ?
Then take House and Farm, as *John Ballet* will let ye,
For better, for worse, as I took my Dame *Betty*.

XLI.

And now, Sir, a Word to the wife is enough ;
You'll make very little of all your old Stuff :

And

And to build at your Age, by my Troth you grow
simple ;

Are you young and rich, like the Master of *Wimpole* ?*

XLII.

If you have these Whims of Apartments and Gardens,
From twice fifty Acres you'll ne'er see five Farthings :
And in your's I shall find the true Gentleman's Fate ;
E're you finish your House you'll have spent your
Estate.

XLIII.

Now let us touch Thumbs, and be Friends e're we
part,
Here, *John*, is my Thumb ; and here, *Mat*, is my
Heart :

To *Halstead* I speed ; and you go back to Town.

Thus Ends the *first Part* of the *Ballad* of *DOWN*.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

PONTIUS *and* PONTIA.

I.

PONTIUS (who loves you know a Joke
Much better than he loves his Life)
Chanc'd t'other Morning to provoke
The Patience of a well-bred Wife.

* *Edward* late Earl of *Oxford*.

II. Talk-

II.

Talking of you, said he, my Dear,
Two of the greatest Wits in Town,
One ask'd, If that high Furze of Hair
Was, *bona fide*, all your own.

III.

Her own, most certain, t'other said ;
For *Nan*, who knows the Thing, will tell ye,
The Hair was bought, the Money paid,
And the Receipt was sign'd *Ducailly*.

IV.

Pontia (that civil prudent she,
Who values Wit much less than Sense,
And never darts a Repartee,
But purely in her own Defence)

V.

Reply'd, these Friends of your's, my Dear,
Are given extremely much to Satire,
But pr'ythee, Husband, let one hear
Sometimes less Wit, and more Good-nature.

VI.

Now I have one unlucky Thought,
That wou'd have spoil'd your Friend's Conceit ;
Some Hair I have, I'm sure, unbought,
Pray bring your Brother-Wits to see't.

TRUTH *told at last.*

SAYS *Pontius* in Rage contradicting his Wife,
 “ You never yet told me one Truth in you Life.”
 Vext *Pontia* no Way could this Thesis allow,
 “ You’re a Cuckold, says she, do I tell you Truth now ?”

An EPITAPH on *Sauntering JACK,*
and Idle JOAN.

INTERR’D beneath this Marble Stone,
 Lie saunt’ring *Jack*, and idle *Joan*.
 While rolling Threescore Years and One,
 Did round this Globe their Courses run ;
 If Human Things went Ill or Well ;
 If changing Empires rose or fell ;
 The Morning past, the Evening came,
 And found this Couple still the same.
 They walk’d and eat, good Folks : What then ?
 Why then they walk’d and eat again :
 They soundly slept the Night away :
 They just did nothing all the Day :
 And having bury’d Children four,
 Wou’d not take Pains to try for more.
 Nor Sister either had, nor Brother ;
 They seem’d just tally’d for each other.

Then

Their Moral and Oeconomy

Most perfectly they made agree :
Each Virtue kept its proper Bound,
Nor trespass'd on the others Ground.
Nor Fame, nor Censure they regarded :
They neither punish'd, nor rewarded :
He car'd not what the Footman did :
Her Maids she neither prais'd, nor chid :
So ev'ry Servant took his Course :
And bad at first, they all grew worse.
Slothful Disorder fill'd his Stable :
And stuttish Plenty deck'd her Table.
Their Beer was strong ; their Wine was *Port* ;
Their Meal was large ; their Grace was short ;
They gave the Poor the Remnant-meat,
Just when it grew not fit to eat.

They paid the Church and Parish Rate ;
And took, but read not the Receipt :
For which they claim their *Sunday's* due,
Of slumbring in an upper Pew.

No Man's Defects sought they to know ;
So never made themselves a Foe.
No Man's good Deeds did they commend ;
So never rais'd themselves a Friend.
Nor cherish'd they Relations poor ;
That might decrease their present Store :
Nor Barn nor House did they repair :
That might oblige their future Heir.

They neither added, nor confounded :
They neither wanted, nor abounded

Each *Christmas* they Accompts did clear ;
 And wound their Bottom round the Year.
 Nor Tear, nor Smile did they imploy
 At News of publick Grief or Joy.
 When Bells were rung, and Bonfires made ;
 If ask'd, they ne'er deny'd their Aid :
 Their Jug was to the Ringers carry'd ;
 Who ever either dy'd, or marry'd.
 Their Billet at the Fire was found ;
 Who ever was depos'd, or crown'd.
 Nor Good, nor Bad, nor Fools, nor Wise ;
 They wou'd not learn, nor cou'd advise :
 Without Love, Hatred, Joy or Fear,
 They led—a kind of—as it were :
 Nor wish'd, nor car'd, nor laugh'd, nor cry'd ;
 And so they liv'd and so they dy'd.

A BILLINGSGATE PASTORAL.

In Imitation of the third Eclogue of VIRGIL.

WELFLETA. OYSTERIA.

Oyst. **H**O! Nan, whose Fish are those that look so
 dry ?

Welfl. Young *Polly Melton* gave 'em me to cry.

Oyst. Unhappy *Polly*, who thy Stand can leave,
 And with vain hopes of Love thyself deceive !
 While you *Jack Tar* will Court, but Court in vain,
 Fearing that I your Sailor shall obtain,

Here,

Here, *Poll*, another will thy Gains devour,
Nor turn a lucky Penny in an Hour;
The Tubs unwash'd, thy *Mackarel* forlook,
And two Pence sunk in ev'ry Groat that's took.

Welf. No Scandal, *Madam*, if you come to that
Some may be told of you.—We know what's what.—
When *Billy's* Boat came floating down the Tide
You with him at the Bottom was espy'd
To kiss and toy, and something else beside;
Till the neglected Boat ran close to Shore,
And to some laughing Maids discover'd your Amour.

Oys. 'Twas at that Time, since Follies you rehearse,
When you in height of kissing stole a Purse.

Welf. No; when beneath a Tree in *Greenwich-*
Park,
You was with *Jenny's* Husband in the Dark,
Tore her lac'd Coif, then raving stamp and cry'd:---
But for the Mischief you for Spight had dy'd.

Oys. What Lies your Mistress, *Impudence*, wou'd
prate,
When you can tell them at so round a rate?
Did I not see you, *Madam*, watchful stand
To steal a Ring from sleepy *Peggy's* Hand,
Stroaking her Finger with your utmost Care ---
But I came in and rous'd the sleeping Fair?
Thieves! Thieves! I cry'd, defeated of your Prey,
Like Dog that's burnt his Tail, you stole away.

Welf. Where'er we find it, we may take our own;
The Ring was mine, by Singing fairly won;

But

But she would never give me up the Prize,
Nor yet the Truth of what I say denies.

Oyst. You sing with *her*! who are at best but fit
To squawl a wretched Ballad thro' the Street:
With *me* you dare not sing: A Match I'll make
And boldly back my Wager with a Stake:
These Golden Beads with which myself I deck,
Which in three Rounds hang pendant on my Neck:
Do you stake aught of equal Value down,
The *Necklace* win, and wear it as your own.

Welf. Of equal Value I can nothing boast,
At home a cunning Step-Dame rules the Roast,
Who tells each Morn my Fish into my Tray.
And to a Farthing counts the Profits of the Day:
Yet this I'll pledge, to me of more Esteem,
Than any polish'd *Gold*, or sparkling *Gem*,
This Silver *Thimble*, this my Will shall prove
The latest Token of my parting Love,
Which *Johnny* gave 'fore he last Voyage made,
And which as yet was ne'er to Needle laid.

Oyst. To match your Pledge this Silver *Seal* I stake,
Which much I value for my *Tommy's* Sake,
Who parting gave it, sighing on my Breast,
And which as yet was ne'er on *Letter* prest.
But haste begin, nor thus the Time prolong;
Let *Maccarella* judge of either's Song.

MACCARELLA.

Sing then Lasses, for the Coast is clear,
And all is Peace, as much as can be here;

And

The *Market's* o'er, then let your Songs begin,
And I'll decide with Justice who shall win ;
By turns let each some tuneful Ditty chime ;
You'll please the more, the more you change your
Rhime.

Welf. From *Cupid*, Ruler of the Gods above,
My Song begins for all are rul'd by *Love* ;
To him the Care of Maids and Swains belongs,
He hears their *Pray'rs*, and applauds their *Songs*.

Oyst. I seek no God, my *Tommy* me inspires
With as much Love, and with as happy Fires ;
To him, sweet Youth, as ever cross'd the Sea,
To him, as due, my Songs shall ever be.

Welf. My *Johnny* taps my Neck in wanton Play,
Then wishing to be seen, he trips away.

Oyst. My *Tommy* flies not, but upon my Knees,
Swears he ne'er saw a Maid so fair as me.

Welf. This crooked Groat, I'll send my Swain to
prove

My Heart is bent, like this, to him, and Love.

Oyst. But for my Sweet-Heart I this Ring design'd,
The truest Emblem of a faithful Mind :
This Circle, has no ending, this I send
To tell my Love, my Passion ne'er shall End.

Welf. How oft has mine in fondest rapture swore,
He never chang'd his Mistress with his Shore :
Gods, hear the Sound, and bless the constant Man :
Shew such another Sailor, if you can.

Oyst. But mine with more Inconstancy will court,
And gain new Mistresses at ev'ry Port ;

And

Fond tho' inconstant, pleasing tho' he's free ;
Yet none can keep the Rover's Heart but me.

Welf. I keep my Birth-day, from the Coast of *France*
Sweet *William* come, and grace us with a Dance.

Oyst. I'm with sweet *William* more in grace than you
To me he swore at *Wapping* to be true :
Hoisting the Sails, when he on Deck did stand,
'To me adieu ! he cry'd, and wav'd his Hand.

Welf. If you can tell, say in what Foreign Land,
The golden Oar lies sparkling in the Sand ;
Where, as one River flows with comely Pride,
It bears the Wealth of *Europe* in its Tide.

Oyst. Nay, tell me first, on what rich Coasts are
found
Spices that breath their fragrant Odours round ;
Where Nutmegs will their fragrant Scents dispense
And with sweet Gales can ravish ev'ry Sense.

Macc. Hold ! Hold ! my Girls, for I shall never tell
Who sings the best, when both can sing so well,
Both ever happy be, and all who prove
By turns the various Sweets and Pains of Love.

The INVITATION.

QUoth *Simon* to *Thomas*, and shew'd him his Wife,
“ See *Thomas*, see here, the Delight of my Life !
“ Look on her again ! Did your ever behold
“ Such Sweetness enshrin'd in so charming a Mold ?
“ For conjugal Virtue she never had peer :
“ To me all engaging, to others severe !

“ For

- “ But then to enjoy her! good Gods! such a Feast
“ Were fit for a Monarch, or even a Priest.
“ Would she but consent, you should sip of the Bliss--
“ This Man's my acquaintance; *Sue* grant him a Kiss.”

Sue yielded, and *Thomas* accepted the Grace;
The Husband sat by, and beheld the Embrace;
O'erjoy'd that his Wife wou'd so far condescend
As to Honour her Spouse, by obliging his Friend.

How suddenly *Cupid* can poison impart!
It past thro' the lips, and tickled the Heart:
They ey'd one another with mutual good will:
And *Simon* commended his Moiety still—

- “ Friend *Thomas*, you'll visit your Neighbour again:
“ Your Treatment will always be hearty and plain,
“ From eleven till two I am daily at *Charg*:—
“ At any Time else, Sir, pray don't make it strange.

Tom promis'd, the Bottle went once more about;
And then they most courteously lighted him out.

- Sue* added her Compliment too at the Door.
“ My Husband has mention'd the Time, Sir, before:
“ From eleven till two he is never at Home—
“ I hope, Sir, you'll do us the Honour to come.

The Vow was repeated; the Sense of my Promise
Was seen in the Eyes of both *Susan* and *Thomas*:
But *Simon* was blinded with Love of the Dame—
If *Simon* was cuckolded, who was to blame?

TEAGUE'S ORATION.

A Rrah, dear Joy, shave all your Faushtes,
 I maake mush Reverensh to your Graushtes,
 You sheem to wonder--who you've got here ;
 Teague's own dear shelf the brave Bogg-Trotter.
 I've rid o'er Seas inteed on Foot,
 My Country's Honour to dispute,
 And come by chance on that Design,
 My shelf alone with all the Nine.
 Think not my *Irish* Crambo cramp,
 Because it wantsh your courtly Stamp.
 There's half the Mushtes now in Vogue,
 All *Irish*—but they lack the Brogue—

We're charg'd by some, a Censure how hard,
 With Names of *blund'rer*, *Sheat* and *Coward*;
 When, whatshoe'er vile Rumour bellowish,
 We're quite an other Sort of Fellowsh.
 First then, to second my Ashtertion
 And clear my Country from Aspershon
 We're from the Charge of Blunder freed,
 Upboo! we sheldome write or read.
 Some Faultsh are found in wisher Scullsh
 The Pope, luck blest him ! has his bullsh.
 Then from Imposhter too we're clear,
 Because we ne'er were yet finsheere.
 And how can *sheat* be that Man's due,
 Who ne'er pretended to be true ?
 For cowardish and such bravadoesh
 In taking kicksh and bashtinadoesh,

When

With which we're tax'd—the Charge must fall,
Good lack! we never fight at all.

Our heroesh that at *Figgs's* contesth,—

Cut Nofhes only off in jesht--

Thus have I now display'd my Shence.

And made in short a long Defenshe.

The *Irish* Orator, in Fame,

Like that old *Greek* with the hard Name;

De--meshtenes—I think—there's few know

His chreeftian Naame, no matter, you know.

Your Worships may persheive *Appollar'sh*,

Good Graushe has made me born a Schollarsh.

Inteed my Father (happless Lot)

Died since before I was begot.

And Booksh to which I maake Pretenshions,

I learn'd all by my own Invenshions.

My Grammar soon cou'd undershtand,

And knew that *Domush* was my Hand.

Next *Proper Marrow Buss* did enter,

Queen Janush and my *Arshe* preshent her.

My Cashe and Pershon both cou'd sheek,

And write my own fair mark in *Greek*.

I know my Lettersh all by Shite,

Tho' I've by Naame forgot 'em quite.

Sheven Shience, does my Art excell,

Inteed;—but I sheven Starsh can tell;

Shome 'stronomy can half explain,

The three great Bears and *Charles's* Wane,

Can tell when Year Biffextile leaps,

And when the Moon has got her Clypse;

I know all Loffophy in Part,
 Can fhay mine Almanack by heart,
 And know within an Hour or two,
 What Clock is by it at firft View.
 I'm fit at Verfhity for Fellowr
 To take Degreefh— of fome Bookfheller ;
 Perhaps Prize-fighter, or high Stationfh,
 Where I may fherve my own Relationfh.
 St. *Patrick's* Beard ! if e'er I rifhe Man,
 I'll make my Shifter fhome Excishe-Man.
 I long to exercishe my Tallent,
 Laugh mufh, and drefh like any Gallant.
 At fheeking Vermant I'm the Oddeft,
 Arrah ! my Nation is fo Modesh !
 The mofht of us when we come hither
 Can get een Nothing, nor that neither ;
 But e'er I'd beg my Bread for Money,
 My fhelf wou'd drefh the King's braave Honey.
 Ook ! fuch great Learning haave and fhlarve on't,
 Ay !—no Inteed.—I've done,—your Sharvant.

The CARMAN's LOGICK.

GILES *felt*, as fleeping in his Cart he lay,
 Some pilfring Villains stole his Team away,
Giles wakes and cries—"What's here, a dickens !
 what !
 " Why how now.—Am I *Giles* ? or am I not ?

“ If he, I’ve lost six Geldings, to my Smart ;
“ If not—odds buddikens, I’ve found a Cart.”

The CHESHIRE CHEESE.

A *Cheshire*-Man sail’d into *Spain*.
To trade for Merchandize,
When he arrived from the Main,
A *Spaniard* him espies :

Who said, you *English* Rogue, look here ;
What Fruits, and Spices fine.
Our Land produces twice a Year :
Thou hast not such in thine.

The *Cheshire*-Man ran to his hold !
And fetch’d a *Cheshire*-Cheese ;
And said, look here, you Dog, behold !
We have such Fruits as these.

Your Fruits are ripe but twice a Year ;
As you yourself do say,
But such as I present you here,
Our Land bring twice a Day.

*The COUNTRY WEDDING ; or, the Plough
yoked to the Cupboard.*

ALL you that e'er tasted of *Swatfall-Hall Beer*,
Or ever cry'd Roastmeat for having been there,
To crown your good Cheer, pray except of a Catch,
Now *Harry* and *Betty* have struck up a Match.

Derry down, down, down derry down.

As things may fall out which nobody would guess ;
So it happens that *Harry* should fall in with *Bess* ;
May they prove to each other a mutual Relief ;
'To their plenty of Carrots, I wish 'em much Beef.

She had a great Talent at roastmeat and boil'd,
And seldom it was that her Pudding was spoil'd ;
Renown'd to for Dumpling, and Dripping-Pan Sop,
At handling a Dish-Clout, and twirling a Mop.

To Kitchen-stuff only her Thoughts did aspire,
Yet Wit she'd enough to keep out of the Fire ;
And tho' in some Things she were short of the Fox,
'Tis said, she has twenty good Pounds in her Box.

Now we've told you the Bride's rare Desert and Estate,
'Tis fit that the Bridegroom's good Parts we relate,
As honest a Plough-Man as e'er held a Plough.
As trusty a Carter as e'er cry'd, Gee-ho.

So lovingly he with his Cattle agreed ;
That seldom a lash for his Whip he did need ;

When

When a Man is so gentle and kind to his Horse,
His Wife may expect that he'll not use her worse.

With Industry he has collected the Pence,
In thirty good Pounds there's a great deal of Sense;
And tho' he suspected ne'er was of a Plot,
None yet in good Humour e'er call'd him a Sot.

For brewing we hardly shall meet with his Fellow,
His Beer was well hopt, clear, substantial, and mellow;
He brew'd the good Liquor, she ming'd the good Cake,
And as they have brew'd even so let 'em bake.

Your Shoes he can cobble, she mend your old Cloaths,
And both are ingenious at darning of Hose:
Then since he has gotten the length of her Foot,
As they make their own Bed, so pray let 'em go to't.

Bid the Lasses and Lads to the merry brown Bowl,
Whilst Rashers of Bacon shall smoke on the Coal:
Then *Roger* and *Bridget*, and *Robin* and *Nan*,
Hit 'em each on the Nose, with the Hose, if ye can,

May her Wheel and his Plough be so happily sped,
With the best in the Parish to hold up their Head:
May he load his own Waggon with Butter and Cheese,
Whilst she rides to Market with Turkeys and Geese.

May he be a Church-Warden, and yet come to Church,
Nor when in his Office, take on him too much:
May she meet due respect without Scolding or Strife,
And live to drink Tea with the Minister's Wife.

Rejoice

Rejoice ye good Fellows that love a good Bit,
 To see thus united the Tap and the Spit ;
 For as Bread is the Staff of Man's Life so you know
 Good Drink is the Switch makes it merrily go.

Then drink to good Neighbourhood, Plenty, and Peace,
 That our Taxes may lessen, and Weddings increase ;
 Let the high and the low, like good Subjects agree.
 Till the Courtiers for Shame grow as honest as we.

Let conjugal Love be the Pride of each Swain,
 Till true-hearted Maids have no cause to complain :
 To the Church pay her Dues, to his Majesty's Honour,
 And Homage and Rent to the Lord of the Manor.

Derry down, &c.

TOM WHITTLE's LETTER.

GOOD Mr. *Moody*, my Beard being Cloudy,
 My Cheek, Chin, and Lips, like Moon in th'
 Eclipse,

For want of a Wipe.

I send you a Razor, if you'll be at Leisure
 To grind her and set her, and make her cut better,
 * *You'll e'en light my Pipe.*

Dear Sir, you know little, the case of poor *Whittle* ;
 I'm courting, *Tantevee*, if you will believe me,
Pray Mark what I say.

* A North Country Phrase, expressing a particular Favour done to one.

I'm

I'm frank in my Proffers, and when I make Offers
To kiss the sweet Creature, my Lips cannot meet her,
My Beard stops the Way.

You've heard my Condition, and now I petition
That without Omission, with all Expedition,
You'll give it a Strike.

And send it by *Tony*, he'll pay you the Money,
I'll shave and look bony, and go to my Honey,
As snod as you like.

If you do not you'll hip me, my Sweet-Heart will flip
me
And if I should smart for't, and break my brave Heart
for't,
Are you not to blame.

But if you'll oblige me, as Gratitude guides me.
I'll still be your Servant obedient and fervent,
Whilst Whittle's my Name.

The PRODIGY: By a LADY.

THO' Rhyme serves the Thoughts of great Poets to
fetter,

It sets off the Sense of small Poets the better:
When I've written in Prose, I often have found,
That my Sense, in a Jumble of Words, was quite
drown'd.

In Verse, as in Armies that march o'er the Plain,
The least Man among them is seen without Pain.
This they owe to good Order, it must be allow'd,
Else Men that are little, are lost in a Crowd.

So much for Simile: Now to be brief,
 The following Lines come to tell you my Grief.
 'Tis well I can write, for I scarcely can speak,
 I'm so plagued with my Teeth, which eternally ach-
 When the Wind's in the Point which opposes the
 South,

For fear of the Cold, I can't open my Mouth:
 And you know to the Sex it must be a Heart-breaking,
 To have any Distemper, that keeps them from speaking.

When first I was silent a Day, and a Night,
 The Women were all in a terrible Fright.
 Supplications to *Jove*, in an Instant, they make.---

"Avert the sad Portent--- a Woman not speak!

"Since Poets are Prophets and often have sung,

"The last Thing that dies in a Woman's her Tongue;

"O *Jove*, for what Crime is *Sapphira* thus curst?

"'Tis plain, by her Breathing, her Tongue has died
 first.

"Ye Powers celestial, tell Mortals, what Cause

"Occasions Dame Nature to break her own Laws!

"Did the Preacher live now, from his Text he must
 run

"And own there was something new under the Sun:

"O *Jove*, for the future this Punishment spare,

"And all other Evils we'll willingly bear."

Then they throng to my House and my Maid they
 beseech.

To say, if her Mistress had quite lost her Speech.

Nell readily own'd, what they heard was too true,

That To-Day I was dumb, give the Devil his Due;

And

And frankly confess'd were it always the Case,
No Servant cou'd e'er have a happier Place.

When they found it was Fact, they began all to fear
me,

And, dreading Infection would scarcely come near me ;
'Till a Neighbour of mine who was famous for
speeching,

Bid them be of good Cheer, the Disease was not catching:
And offer'd to prove, and from Author's good Store,
That the like Case with this, never happen'd before ;
And if Ages to come should resemble the past,
As 'twas the first Instance, it would be the last.
Yet against this Disorder we all ought to strive,
Were I in her Case, I'd been buried alive ;
Were I one Moment silent, except in my Bed,
My good natur'd Husband would swear I was dead.

The next said, her Tongue was so much in her
Pow'r.

She was fullenly silent almost---half an hour :

That to vex her good Man she took this Way to teale
him,

But soon left it off, when she found it would please him:
And vow'd, for the future, she'd make the House ring :
For when she was dumb, he did nothing but sing.

Quite tir'd with their talking, I held down my Head :
So she, who sat next me, cry'd out, I was dead.

They call'd for cold Water, to throw in my Face ;

"Give her Air, give her Air—and cut open her Lace."

Says good Neighbour *Nevil*, you're out of your Wits ;

She oft, to my Knowledge, has these fullen Fits:

Let her Husband come in, and make one Step that's
wrong,

My Life for't, the Woman will soon find her Tongue.
You'll soon be convinc'd---O'my Conscience he's here--
"Why, what's all this Rout!---Are you fullen my
Dear?"

This struck them all silent ; which gave me some
Ease,

And made them imagine they'd got my Discase.
So they hasted away in a terrible Fright,
And left me, in Silence, to pass the long Night.

Not the Women alone were scar'd at my Fate ;
'Twas reckon'd of dreadful Portent to the State.
When the Governors heard it, they greatly were trou-
bled,

And whilst I was silent, the Guards were all doubled ;
The Militia Drums beat a perpetual Alarm,
To rouse up the Sons of the City to arm.
A Story was rumour'd about, from * *Lambey*,
Of a powerful Fleet that was seen off at Sea,
With Horror all list to the terrible Tale,
The Barristers tremble, the Judges grow Pale.
To the Castle the frightened Nobility fly,
And the Council were summon'd, they could not tell
why.

The Clergy, in Crouds, to the Churches repair,
And Armies, embattled, were seen in the Air.

Why they were in this Fright, I have lately been told,
It seems, it was sung by a *Druid* of old,

* A small Island near *Dublin*.

That the *Hanover Race* to *Great Britain* should come,
And sit on the Throne, till a Woman grew Dumb.

As soon as this Prophecy reach'd the *Pretender*,
He cry'd out, *My Claim to the Crown I surrender.*

A SONG for the NONSENSICAL CLUB.

A LL whimsical People come hither,
And chuse a nonsensical Strain ;
For who'd be a Wit in hot Weather,
T' indanger the Loss of his Brain ?

'Tis Nonsense we sing, and we deal in,
And generously dole it about,
And if common Sense chance to steal in,
We kick the precise Rascal out.

Whereof, forasmuch, notwithstanding,
Moreover, to Wit, furthermore,
Sure never were Words so commanding
So sweetly adapted before.

Thus free from Restraint, on we rattle,
Enslav'd by no Precepts nor Rules,
Whilst those who in form Prattle Prattle,
Are nothing but sensible Fools.

Should Nonsense from humane kind sever,
What Numbers must strait away run ?
The Beau pick his Teeth must for ever,
The chatt'ring Coquet be undone.

The

The Bards would have little to write on,
 The Lawyers have little to say,
 The Criticks would nought have to bite on,
 The Noncons not know how to pray;

Besides, for a Plague Wit is sent t' ye,
 Its Owners for ever are poor;
 Whilst Nonsense is vested with Plenty,
 Whereof you may see now therefore.

*To Honest HARRY, who married a very
 ugly old Maid.*

ODS Zookers, honest, gallant, *Harry*,
 What put it in thy Head to *marry*?
 Or, if thou could'st not help thy Fate,
 Why did'st thou chuse a *monstrous Mate*?
 What Man that wore his Eyes aright,
 Wou'd couple with her, in Day-Light?
 She's such a huddled, ill-made Thing,
 Sure, Nature's Pow'rs lay slumbering
 When she was form'd: Upon my Life,
 Thou'st got the *Devil of a Wife*.
 Damnation's scarce a greater Curse,
 Than *This*, for *better and for worse*.
 Nay, be not angry----for no Muse
 In Conscience can thy Deed excuse:

And

And mine, instead of hearty Hailing,
 Can hardly be with-held from Railing.
 Who ever saw so wide a *Mouth*,
 Stretch'd, like the *Poles*, from North to South ?
 'The *Lips* how thin ! the *Teeth* how black !
 That fallow *Skin* ! that Bow-bent *Back* !
 These hagg'd *Eyes* ! this tow'ring *Nose* !
Breath, that outvies *Beargarden*, *pos* !
 In *Her*, all Imperfections meet,
 And every one out stinks *Fishstreet* !
 Phy, *Harry*, wert thou in thy Senses ?
 But 'tis in vain to make Defences.
 Ha! now, I think, by this Alliance,
 Thou bid'st all *Jealousy* Defiance :
 And, whilst *we Fools* our Senses please,
 Thou cur'st thy *Lust* by a *Disease*.
Others, with little Toil and Care,
 Address, and doat upon the Fair :
 But *Thou*, great Hero, durst encounter
 Deformity it self, and mount her,
 Like brave Saint *George*, thou lay'st thy Leg on
 The Top of this prodigious *Dragon* ;
 And boldly break'st, advent'rous Deed !
 The Barriers of her *Maiden-Head*.
 Now sleep, my Friend, in full Content——
 No Man will steal thy Punishment.
 'Twou'd be a double Crime to break
 Thy *Orchard*, for thy *Fruitage*' Sake.
 But, when old Age, or Sicknefs, raze
 And ruin many a goodly Face ,

Thou,

Thou, to thy Comfort, may'st rejoice,
 To see the Wisdom of thy Choice.
 As Nought can mend, so Nought by Force,
 Can make thy favorite *Night-Piece* worse.

*The MERCHANT'S LADY; or, the Husband
 pays for all.*

From Chaucer.

THERE liv'd in *France*, as antient Stories tell,
 A wealthy Merchant skill'd in trading well;
 Wise he was deem'd by all whose Maxims hold
 That he's no Ideot who abounds in Gold.
 This thriving Merchant had an airy Bride,
 Who dearly lov'd th' expensive Arts of Pride,
 She'd frisk abroad to Company and Play,
 Would dance all Night, and frolick all the Day.
 But sharp's the End of ev'ry vain Desire,
 And rampant Wives will frugal Husbands tire,
 Their Pleasures fly like Shadows on a Wall,
 And woe to him whose Purse must pay for all.
 Yet tho' the Husband of a well drest Wife,
 Finds her a costly Article of Life,
 'Tis for his Credit, we must still confess,
 His Wife should wear a fashionable Dress;
 Should make her Visits in a modish Gown,
 And dance like other Ladies of the Town:
 For if the stingy Niggard grudge the Cost,
 And thinks it all extravagantly lost,

A Friend may chance her private Debts to pay.
And that for certain is a dang'rous Way.

This Merchant's House was stor'd with dainty Fare,
And ev'ry Table smil'd with Plenty there,
From Day to Day his Guests unnumber'd came,
Rich was the Treat, and beauteous was my Dame.
That Men with buxom Wives should thus regale
Is wondrous odd—but I'll pursue my Tale.

Among his Friends a Monk would oft appear,
Fresh in the Vigour of his thirtieth Year;
The Man was form'd with ev'ry comely Grace,
And had a brisk Assurance in his Face.
His first Acquaintance was in early Days,
And lasted downward from their youthful Plays,
'Twas hence he took the Boldness to attend,
And practis'd all the Freedoms of a Friend ;
And since from out one native Town they came,
He claim'd a Kindred with the Merchant's Name ;
Who proudly own'd it with a hearty Smile,
And sent him Greeting in the kindred Stile ;
Thus both were eas'd of ev'ry formal Strife,
And leagu'd in Union to be Friends for Life.

Free was Sir *John*, and by his bounteous Care
Soon gain'd the Love of ev'ry Servant there,
The humblest Page in all the menial Band
Shar'd the kind Favours of his gen'rous Hand ;
The House was all in Raptures when he came,
Bows from my Cousin, Courtfies from my Dame,
And ev'ry one with glad Surprise would run,
Pleas'd as a Bird to view the rising Sun,

It chanc'd the Merchant once a Journey made,
 When *Bruges* held an annual Mart of Trade,
 But first he sent Sir *John* a friendly Call,
 To take a Day's Diversion at his Hall;
 And with himself, his Kindred, and his Wife,
 To spend in Mirth a jovial Hour of Life:
 Sir *John* receiv'd it with a secret Pride,
 And soon obtain'd the Abbot's Leave to ride,
 For 'twas his Office thro' the Grounds to range,
 To view the Barns, the Pastures, and the Grange,
 He was the most commodious Stewart there,
 And all was manag'd by his prudent Care.

Forth rode Sir *John* with Presents half a Dozen,
 And who so welcome as my Lady's Cousin?
 He brought a Tub of * Vernage for the Dame,
 And two long Days they had a jovial Game;
 Their Tide of Pleasures flow'd the usual Way,
 And all Day long 'twas Gluttony and Play.

But worldly Cares the dearest Friends will part,
 And Business call'd our Tradesman to the Mart,
 He rose betimes his Ledger Rolls to look,
 And see how Matters stood in ev'ry Book;
 With painful Thought he summ'd up each Arrear,
 And ballanc'd all the Expences of the Year,
 What Debts were owing, and whose Bills were crost,
 How vast his Gain, above the premier Cost;
 There all alone the long Account he made,
 And canvas'd o'er the mystic Craft of Trade.

* *Verona* Wine.

Sir *John* too started from his soft Repose,
And waking early with the Morning rose,
And as he walk'd among the Garden Trees
To take the Freshness of the genial Breeze,
Right up the Walk advanc'd his Cousin's Bride,
Her infant Daughter waddling by her Side :
Nor was she of the prating Girl afraid,
For she was yet a little harmless Maid.

Good morrow, Cousin, said the courteous Dame,
But why so early? You are sure to blame.
My Niece, said he, five Hours in ev'ry Night
Is Sleep enough for any single Wight,
For Men, whose Passions never aim to wed,
With Ease are prompted to forsake their Bed,
'Tis your old married Drones who slumber there,
And snore as soundly as ~~hunted a~~ Hare.
But what's the Matter that you look so pale?
Come, speak the Cause, and let me hear your Tale.
For by this early Virgil that you keep,
I guess some Frolick has disturb'd your Sleep,
Then in his Face his Passions briskly wrought,
And shew'd his Mind was tickled with the Thought.

Ah! Dear Sir *John*, my loving Coz, said she,
And shook her Head, 'tis not so gay with me,
For I declare by him who gave me Life,
There's not in *France* a more abstemious Wife,
I've Cause enough to rue my native Morn,
And curse the Hour that ever I was born,
But with these Topics I must not be free,
Nor dare I tell how Matters stand with me,

Beneath my Troubles I shall surely bend,
 And bring myself to some untimely End ;
 I every Day some new Affliction share,
 And my poor Heart is fit to burst with Care.

Sir *Jahn* beheld her with a deep Surprize,
 And thus return'd—Let me for once advise,
 Oh ! Heav'n forbid that such a lovely Wife
 For worldly Crosses should destroy her Life.
 Come then, my Niece, unbosom all your Grief,
 'Tis ten to one, but I may bring Relief ;
 And if my Aid your precious Life can save,
 I swear devoutly I'm your trusty Slave ;
 And you may safely on my Oath depend,
 I'll ne'er betray the Secrets of my Friend.

The same to you, said she, I truly swear,
 Tho' Men shou'd all my Limbs in Pieces tear,
 Tho' I were certain to be rackt in Hell,
 I'll ne'er disclose one Tittle that you tell.
 Nor Friends, nor Kindred, shall with all their Art,
 E'er wrest the darling Secret from my Heart.
 When both the Parties thus had sworn the same,
 They kist like Friends, and then began my Dame.

Were I where no officious Knave might hear,
 And safe at Distance from a treach'rous Ear,
 I'd tell a doleful Legend of my Life,
 Fill'd with the Hardships of a suff'ring Wife :
 For tho' my Husband from your Kindred shoot,
 His rotten Branch defames your genial Root.
 By all our Saints, quoth he, his filthy Line
 Was ne'er ally'd by kindred Blood to mine,

But

But I with Craft usurp'd the specious Name,
The more to visit you, my lovely Dame,
For whom full oft I feel a tingling Smart,
And whose sweet Face is pictur'd in my Heart.
Then now, my Love, dismiss your anxious Fear,
And let me all the sad Narration hear,
Unfold your Grievance, e'er his frightful Face
Imperious comes, and drives you from the Place.
Ah! Dear Sir *John*, reply'd the conscious Dame,
Fain would I hide a Husband's secret Shame,
My Heart should cover what my Lips unfold,
But ah! 'twill burst, nor can I longer Hold.

My wicked Husband is the vilest Man
That e'er vex'd Woman since the World began,
And tho', it may be, she's a naughty Wife,
Who tells the Secrets of her private Life,
A Wife, they say, should be a prudent Dame,
And hugely careful of her Husband's Fame;
Yet I of Husbands this Experience have,
That mine's a worthless, mean, penurious Knave,
You know we Women fix Delights pursue,
And 'tis our Nature to demand our Due,
A Man that's bold, rich, airy, wise and free,
A man that's buxom, is the Spouse for me.
Now I must pay a Hundred Franks in Town,
The Purchase of a rich embroider'd Gown,
That for his Credit I with decent Pride,
May dress next *Sunday* like a Merchant's Bride,
But if I don't wipe off this large Arrear,
The least Neglect will cost me wondrous dear;

And

And I'd chuse rather to be still unborn,
Than stand expos'd to any Tradesman's Scorn ;
But if my Husband should this Secret gain,
I'm lost for ever, and shall die with Pain.
Then, good Sir *John*, lend me a hundred Franks,
And I'll return them with a thousand Thanks,
I'll surely pay you with a speedy Care,
And grant you all the Favours that I dare,
For if I fail you on th' appointed Time,
May Heav'n in Anger then pursue the Crime,
And Fate confound me with a dire Mischance
As great as e'er was *Genilon's* of *France*.
Sir *John* was tickled with a secret Flame,
And thus return'd his Answer to the Dame :
By all that's sacred I devoutly swear
That I for you a vast Affection bear,
And now with Joy embrace the friendly Part,
To ease the Cares that vex your anxious Heart :
For when your Husband is to *Flanders* gone,
Depend upon't, your Business shall be done ;
Be sure that you our mutual Oath uphold,
And take this Kiss in Earnest of my Gold ;
Go, order Dinner to to be ready soon,
For by my Dial 'tis the Hour of Noon.

Away she scamper'd with a smiling Look,
And issu'd forth her Orders to the Cook,
Then quick she mounted to the Chamber Floor,
And knock'd full boldly at the Counter Door.
Qui la? quoth he : 'Tis I am here, my Love,
What mean you thus to sit and starve above?

Lord !

Lord! when will all this long Account be made?
 The Duce confound these tedious Folks of Trade;
 Thy Wealth has prosper'd to a large Degree,
 And Mammon is a bounteous God to thee.
 Then let thy Bags in Peace a while remain,
 And plod no longer on these Works of Gain.
 For is it not a most unfriendly Crime
 That poor Sir *John* goes fasting all this Time?
 'Tis highly shameful he should starve and pine,
 Then prithee come, let's go to Mass, and dine.

Dame, quoth the Merchant, thou'rt a simple Wife,
 And unexperienc'd in a Tradesman's Life,
 Nor dost thou know what dang'rous Slips are made,
 What mighty Hazards are sustain'd in Trade;
 For by the Shrine of our ador'd Saint *Ive*,
 Scarce ten in twenty make a Shift to thrive.
 A Tradesman has a Warfare here below,
 And he must ever make a thriving Show;
 Must bear the Outside of a wealthy Man,
 And drive the World before him as he can;
 Be sure with Caution his Affairs to hide,
 'Till Death approach, or 'till he Steps aside.
 For thus 'tis needful in this worldly Strife
 To sail with Credit down the Stream of Life,
 A small Experience will in Time persuade
 That full of Dangers is the Chance of Trade,
 You know to Morrow at the Dawn of Day,
 That I to *Bruges* must pursue my Way,
 But I'll dispatch me with a speedy Care,
 Nor do I mean to play the the Rover there.

Now

Now I beseech thee to regard thy Life,
 And show the Prudence of a frugal Wife,
 Thou hast enough in Conscience for thy Store,
 Nor can a thrifty Housewife ask for more ;
 Thy Stock of Victuals will the House uphold,
 Thy Cloaths are new, thy Purse is lin'd with Gold ;
 A Wife like thee can never say she's poor :
 And at this Word he lock'd his Counter Door ;
 Then down he came, a Mass was quickly said,
 And all in haste the Table-cloth was laid,
 The Board was fill'd with ev'ry dainty Thing,
 And gay Sir *John* was feasted like a King.

When Grace was said, Sir *John*, with silent Fear,
 Thought on the Promise that he ow'd his Dear ;
 Then took the Merchant to a private Place,
 And thus bespoke him with an earnest Face.
 I see, dear Cousin, Things are order'd so
 That you to *Bruges* are resolved to go,
 May Heav'n attend you with a signal Care,
 And good Saint *Austin* be your Guardian there,
 But O my Friend, be thoughtful how you ride,
 Go wisely on, and Temp'rance be your Guide,
 And if there's any Thing by Day, by Night,
 And if 'tis in my Pow'r or in my Might,
 Declare with Freedom what your Soul would have,
 And you at Pleasure may comand your Slave.

But e're you go, this one Request attend,
 And grant a fond Petition to your Friend,
 I beg you'd lend me, for a distant Day,
 A hundred Franks, which I'm obliged to pay ;

For certain Beasts a Field of ours to store :
I wish with all my Heart 'twas yours, and more.
But guard it close from any conscious Sight,
And let your Hand be secret as the Night ;
So shall my Heart this friendly Act revere,
And all the Favours I've experienc'd here.

Coz, quoth the Merchant, 'tis a small Request,
My Purse is open at my Friend's Behest ;
Nay all my Stores I gladly would unfold,
And you as freely may command my Gold.
But this your just Experience must allow,
'That ready Rhino is the Trader's Plough ;
For tho' with Credit we a while may borrow,
And none who lends to Day, will ask to Morrow,
Yet to be plain, I cannot think 'tis clever,
To let a courteous Tradesman stay for ever :
But, dear Sir *John*, your own Convenience use,
The Time's most proper that my Friend shall chuse.

With that he told him out a hundred Franks,
He cring'd obsequious, and return'd his Thanks.
Nor did a Soul this private Business hear,
But all was close from ev'ry Eye and Ear.
Then in they came to drink, and chat, and play,
And laugh'd and revell'd in the usual Way :
Thus past the Evening, till returning home,
Forth rode Sir *John*, and reach'd the Abby Dome.

When Morning rose, the Merchant crost his Steed,
And pac'd to *Bruges* with an earnest Speed ;
In all his Acts he shew'd a worldly Care,
And bargain'd cheap for ev'ry Dealer's Ware ;

Nor revell'd he in any Lady's Vice,
Nor gam'd with Bullies at the Box and Dice,
Nor broke th' Allegiance that he ow'd his Wife,
But wisely led an honest Tradesman's Life.

A few Days after gay Sir *John* appear'd,
Fresh was his Look, and newly shav'd his Beard ;
The House receiv'd him with their usual Grace,
And all were pleas'd to see his gen'rous Face.
But now to lead ye with a brisker Gale,
And touch the sov'reign Crisis of my Tale.
'Twas order'd so, that by a crafty Game,
This golden Sum was paid the Merchant's Dame ;
Sir *John* regal'd it with this lovely Wife,
And both my Cousins led a buxom Life;
'Till he in Prudence saw his Hour to start,
And so took Leave as usual to depart :
For all was manag'd with a dext'rous Care,
Nor was Sir *John* at all suspected there :
Thence we'll behold him on his Journey home,
Or leave him where his Fancy pleas'd to roam.

But now from Fair the punctual Merchant came.
And gallop'd home to banquet with his Dame ;
Full much he chatted o'er their plenteous Cheer,
The Mart was bad, and Things so won'drous dear,
That he in a Recognizance was bound,
And had engag'd to pay a thousand Pound ;
And now to *Paris* must he bend his Care ;
To sue for Aid his rich Acquaintance there.

To *Paris* then this thrifty Merchant rode,
And shap'd his Progress to Sir *John's* Abode,

Yet

Yet not to him of craving Wants begun,
Nor feign'd a Visit to disguise a Dun ;
But made his Entrance in a gen'rous Way ;
Like old Acquaintance to regale and play.
Sir *John* with Rapture view'd his friendly Guest,
And soon prepared him a luxurious Feast ;
The Merchant prattled with a cheerful Air,
And told him all his Business at the Fair ;
But talk of Money stung Sir *John* with pain,
And thus he answered in a flatt'ring Strain.
I'm glad, dear Cousin, you're return'd in Health,
And were I blest with any Hoard of Wealth,
Did my lean Purse in worldly Pelf abound,
I'd freely aid you with a thousand Pound.
The Gold you lent me, I repay'd your Dame,
And she by certain Tokens knows the same.
But I must now important Calls attend,
And urgent Business tears me from my Friend ;
Adieu ! may Fortune crown your prosp'rous Life,
Adieu ! and greet me to your beauteous Wife.

The Merchant soon dispatch'd his grand Affair,
And hasted homeward with a joyful Air,
Flush'd with Success, he found in ev'ry Part
That a full Purse procures the lightest Heart,
For Tradesman like he gilded all his Pain,
And knew the Cost was nothing to the Gain.

To meet her Spouse advanc'd his lovely Dame,
As 'twas her duteous Custom when he came.
In Scenes of Mirth they spent the welcome Day,
And revell'd in Extravagance of Play ;

For he was quite a Stranger to the Spleen,
 The Smiles of Fortune in his Looks were seen;
 He shar'd no pining Debtor's baleful Curse,
 Nor felt the Plagues that haunt an empty Purse;
 So when they box'd about the jovial Cause,
 And weary Mirth at last requir'd a Pause,
 The Merchant thus bespoke his am'rous Dame,
 And seem'd to kindle with an angry Flame.

I thought you'd been a more ingenuous Wife
 Than thus to raise me such a hateful Strife,
 To make my Cousin's friendly Love decline,
 And set his Heart at Variance so with mine.
 For sure you ought in Prudence to have told,
 That he to you had first return'd my Gold.
 I guess that he some dark Resentment took,
 And view'd Disturbance in his cloudy Look.
 Then tell me, Dear, if any one there be
 Who in my Absence pays his Debts to thee,
 Lest I perhaps assert a dang'rous Claim,
 And wrong my Friend by some injurious Aim.

She heard with Anger, and began to rave,
 I tell thee, Dear, Sir *John's* a scoundrel Knave,
 For by th' immortal Pow'rs I thought that he
 Had made a Present of this Gold to me,
 And by a gen'rous Gratitude exprest
 The just Requit of a welcome Guest.
 But if my Spouse this small Demand pursues,
 And claims from me the Payment of his Dues,
 Come, take the Tribute of my youthful Charms,
 And cancel all those Payments in my Arms;

For

For hear me now the serious Truth unfold ;
That on my Habit I've bestow'd your Gold.
Believe me, Dearest, I regard your Fame,
And fain would dress me like a Merchant's Dame
My blooming Joys shall all these Debts remove,
And I'll be never in Arrears of Love,
My Arms shall meet thee with a pleasing Chear,
Come, turn thee hither, and forgive thy Dear.

The Merchant found it was in vain to chide,
And feigning Kindness, thus bespoke his Bride,
Since what is past we never can recall,
I wave the Payment, and forgive thee all ;
But prithee Wife, these costly Airs with-hold,
And be no more so lavish of my Gold.
Thus ends my Tale ; may Fortune crown our Lives
With Wealth enough for us, and something for our
Wives.

The PIGEON's FEATHER.

I.

IN *Virgil's* sacred Verse we find,
That Passion can depress or raise
The heavenly as the human Mind :
Who dare deny what *Virgil* says ?

II.

But if they shou'd ; what our great Master
Has thus laid down, my Tale shall prove.
Fair *Venus* wept the sad Disaster
Of having lost her fav'rite *Dove*.

III.

In Complaisance poor *Cupid* mourn'd;
 His Grief reliev'd his Mother's Pain;
 He vow'd he'd leave no Stone unturn'd,
 But she should have her *Dove* again.

IV.

Tho' none, said he, shall yet be nam'd,
 I know the Felon well enough:
 But be the not, *Mamma*, condemn'd
 Without a fair and legal Proof.

V.

With that, his longest Dart he took,
 As Constable wou'd take his Staff
 That Gods desire like Men to look,
 Wou'd make ev'n *Heracitus* laugh.

VI.

Love's Subaltern, a duteous Band,
 Like Watchmen round their Chief appear:
 Each had his Lanthorn in his Hand:
 And *Venus* mask'd brought up the Rear.

VII.

Accouter'd thus, their eager Step
 To *Cloe's* Lodging they directed:
 (At once I write, alas! and weep,
 That *Cloe* is of Theft suspected.)

VIII.

Late they set out, had far to go:
 St. *Dunstan's* as they pass'd, struck one.
Cloe for Reasons good, You know,
 Lives at the sober End o' th' Town.

IX. With

IX.

With one great Peal they rap the Door,
Like Footmen on a Visiting-Day.
Folks at her House at such an Hour!
Lord! what will all the Neighbours say?

X.

The Door is open'd: up they run:
Nor Prayers, nor Threats divert their Speed:
Thieves! Thieves! cries *Susan*; we're undone;
They'll kill my Mistress in her Bed.

XI.

In Bed indeed the Nymph had been
Three Hours: for all Historians say,
She commonly went up at Ten,
Unless Piquet was in the Way.

XII.

She wak'd, be sure, with strange Surprise.
O *Cupid*, is this Right or Law,
Thus to disturb the brightest Eyes,
That ever slept, or ever saw!

XIII.

Have you observ'd a sitting Hare,
Lift'ning, and fearful of the Storm
Of Horns and Hounds, clap back her Ear,
Afraid to keep, or leave her Form?

XIV.

Or have you mark'd a Partridge quake,
Viewing the tow'ring Faulcon nigh?
She cuddles low behind the Brake:
Nor wou'd she stay: nor dares she fly.

XV. Then

XV.

Then have you seen the beauteous Maid ;
 When gazing on her Midnight Foes,
 She turn'd each Way her frightened Head,
 Then sunk it deep beneath the Cloaths.

XVI.

Venus this while was in the Chamber
Incognito : for *Susan* said,
 It smelt so strong of Myrrh and Amber—
 And *Susan* is no lying Maid.

XVII.

But since we have no present Need
 Of *Venus* for an Episode ;
 With *Cupid* let us e'en proceed ;
 And thus to *Cloe* spoke the God :

XVIII

Hold up your Head : hold up your Hand
 Wou'd it were not my Lot to shew ye
 This cruel *Writ*, wherein you stand,
 Indicted by the Name of *Cloe* ;

XIX.

For that by secret Malice stirr'd,
 Or by an emulous Pride invited,
 You have purloin'd the fav'rite Bird
 In which my Mother most delighted.

XX.

Her blushing Face the lovely Maid
 Rais'd just above the milk-white Sheet,
 A Rose-Tree in a Lilly Bed,
 Nor glows so red, nor breathes so sweet.

XXI. Are

XXI.

Are you not he whom Virgins fear,
And Widows court? is not your Name
Cupid? If so, pray come not near—
Fair Maiden, I'm the very same.

XXII.

Then what have I, good Sir, to say,
Or do with her, you call your Mother?
If I shou'd meet her in my Way,
We hardly court'sy to each other.

XXIII.

Diana Chaste, and *Hebe* sweet,
Witness that what I speak is true:
I wou'd not give my Paroquet
For all the *Doves* that ever flew.

XXIV.

Yet, to compose this Midnight Noise,
Go freely search where-e'er you please:
(The Rage that rais'd, adorn'd her Voice)
Upon yon' Toilet lie my Keys.

XXV.

Her Keys he takes; her Doors unlocks;
Thro' Wardrobe, and thro' Closet bounces;
Peeps into ev'ry Chest and Box;
'Turns all her Furbeloes and Flounces.

XXVI.

But *Dove*, depend on't, finds he none;
So to the Bed returns again:
And now the Maiden, bolder grown,
Begins to treat him with Disdain.

XXVII.

I marvel much, she smiling said,
 Your Poultry cannot yet be found :
 Lies he in yonder Slipper dead,
 Or may be, in the Tea-pot drown'd ?

XXVIII.

No, Traytor, angry Love replies,
 He's hid somewhere about your Breast ;
 A Place, nor God, nor Man denies,
 For *Venus' Dove* the proper Nest.

XXIX.

Search then, she said, put in your Hand,
 And *Cynthia*, dear Protectress, guard me :
 As guilty I, or free may stand,
 Do thou, or punish, or reward me.

XXX.

But ah ! What Maid to love can trust ;
 He scorns, and breaks all legal Power :
 Into her Breast his Hand he thrust :
 And in a Moment forc'd it lower.

XXXI.

O, whither do these Fingers rove,
 Cries *Cloe*, treacherous Urchin, whither ?
 O *Venus* ! I shall find thy *Dove*,
 Says he ; for sure I touch his Feather.

PHYLLIS's Age.

HOW old may *Phyllis* be, you ask,
Whose Beauty thus all Hearts engages?
To answer is no easy Task:

For really *Phyllis* has two Ages.

Stiff in Brocade, and pinch'd in Stays,
Her Patches, Paint, and Jewels on;
All Day let Envy view her Face;
And *Phyllis* is but twenty-one.

Paint, Patches, Jewels laid aside,
At Night Astronomers agree,
The Evening has the Day bely'd;
And *Phyllis* is some Forty-three.

The BUTTON-HOLE.

AS thro' the Street a Quaker chanc'd to pass,
He stopp'd a Trull, to treat her with a Glass.
The grateful Wench presented, in return,
A warmer Gift than he could then discern:
'Twas not her Maiden-Head, the Brethren say;
But then, 'twas something likelier far to stay.

This close Companion troubled sore the Friend,
And made him go for Counsel, in the End.
Your Case is desperate, and beyond my Art,
(The Surgeon said) except you lose the Part.

How

How ! lose a Member ? cry'd the Friend, with Grief.
 You must ; or hope from Physic no Relief :
 There's no compounding ; instantly comply,
 Or—seriously prepare yourself to die.

All I possess to save it I would give ;
 But since my Life's at Stake, I chuse to live :
 So use me gently, and perform thy Work,
 He said : The Surgeon did it with a Jerk.
Prim view'd with Tears his amputated *Scut*,
 And noted well this Draw'r wherein 'twas put,
 The Friend went ev'ry Morning to be drest,
 And drew this Draw'r one Day above the rest ;
 When, lo ! no less than six, besides his own.—
 He grinn'd, to think his Man was not alone ;
 And drily ask'd, for what they all were kept ?
 The Surgeon answer'd, like a true Adept,
 A Dozen of them, shank'd and finely wrought,
 Will make a Sett of Buttons for my Coat.

The Thought is good, and worthy of thy Trade,
 (Reply'd the Friend :) But e'er thy Coat be made,
 Wilt thou not get as many Female *Moles*,
 That so thy Buttons may have proper Holes ?

The MERCHANT'S TALE.
From Chaucer.

THERE liv'd in *Lombardy*, as Authors write.
 In Days of old, a wise and worthy Knight.
 Of gentle Manners, as of gen'rous Race,
 Bless'd with much Sense, more Riches, and some Grace.
 Yet

Yet led astray by *Venus*' soft Delights,
 He scarce could Rule some idle Appetites :
 For long ago, let Priests say what they cou'd,
 Weak sinful *Laymen* were but Flesh and Blood.
 But in due Time, when sixty Year's were o'er,
 He vow'd to lead this vitious Life no more ;
 Whether pure Holiness inspir'd his Mind,
 Or Dotage turn'd his Brain, is hard to find ;
 But his high Courage prick'd him forth to wed,
 And try the Pleasures of a lawful Bed.

This was his nightly Dream, his daily Care,
 And to the heav'nly Pow'rs his constant Pray'r,
 Once, e'er he dy'd, to taste the blissful Life
 Of a kind Husband and a lovely Wife.
 Each Nymph by turns his wav'ring Mind possess'd,
 And reign'd the short-liv'd Tyrant of his Breast ;
 While Fancy pictur'd ev'ry lively Part,
 And each bright Image wander'd o'er his Heart,
 This Lady's Charms the nicest cou'd not blame,
 But vile Suspicions had aspers'd her Fame ;
 That was with Sense, but not with Virtue, blest ;
 And one had Grace, that wanted all the rest.
 Thus doubting long what Nymph he should obey,
 He fix'd at last upon the youthful *May*,
 Her Faults he knew not, Love is always blind,
 But ev'ry Charm revolv'd within his Mind :
 Her tender Age, her Form divinely fair,
 Her easy Motion, her attractive Air,
 Her sweet Behaviour, her enchanting Face,
 Her moving Softness, and majestic Grace.

I pass each previous Settlement and Deed,
 Too long for me to write, or you to read ;
 Nor will with quaint Impertinence display
 The Pomp, the Pageantry, the proud Array.
 The Time approach'd, to Church the Parties went,
 At once with carnal and devout Intent :
 Forth came the Priest, and bade th' obedient Wife
L *Sarah* or *Rebeccah* lead her Life :
 Then pray'd the Pow'rs the fruitful Bed to bless,
 And all made sure enough with Holiness.

And now the Palace-Gates are open'd wide,
 The Guests appear in Order, side by side,
 And plac'd in State, the Bridegroom and the Bride. }
 The breathing Flute's soft Notes are heard around,
 And the shrill Trumpets mix their Silver Sound ;
 The vaulted Roofs with echoing Music ring,
 These touch the Vocal Stops, and those the trembling
 String.

Bacchus himself, the Nuptial Feast to grace,
 (So Poets sing) was present on the Place :
 And lovely *Venus*, Goddess of Delight, }
 Shook high her flaming Torch in open Sight,
 And danc'd around, and smil'd on ev'ry Knight :
 Pleas'd her best Servant wou'd his Courage try,
 No less in Wedlock, than in Liberty.
 Full many an Age old *Hymen* had not spy'd
 So kind a Bridegroom, or so bright a Bride.
 Ye Bards ; renown'd among the tuneful Throng
 For gentle Lays, and joyous nuptial Song ;

Think

Think not your softest Numbers can display
The matchless Glories of this blissful Day :
The Joys are such, as far transcend your Rage,
When tender Youth has wedded stooping Age.

The beauteous Dame sat smiling at the Board,
And darted am'rous Glances at her Lord.
Not *Hester's* self, whose Charms the *Hebrews* sing,
E'er look'd so lovely on her *Persian* King :
Bright as the rising Sun, in Summer's Day,
And fresh and blooming as the Month of *May* !
The joyful Knight survey'd her by his Side,
Nor envy'd *Paris* with the *Spartan* Bride :
Still as his Mind revolv'd with vast Delight
Th' entrancing Raptures of th' approaching Night.
Restless he sat invoking ev'ry Pow'r,
To speed his Bliss, and haste the happy Hour.
Mean time the vigorous Dancers beat the Ground,
And Songs were sung, and flowing Bowls went round,
With od'rous Spices they perfum'd the Place,
And Mirth and Pleasure shone in ev'ry Face.

Damian alone, of all the menial Train,
Sad in the midst of Triumphs, sigh'd for Pain ;
Damian alone, the Knight's obsequious Squire,
Consum'd at Heart, and fed a secret Fire.
His lovely Mistress all his Soul possess'd,
He look'd, he languish'd, and cou'd take no Rest :
His task'd perform'd, he sadly went his Way,
Fell on his Bed, and loath'd the Light of Day :
There let him lie ; till his relenting Dame
Weep in her Turn, and waste in equal Flame.

The

The weary Sun, as learned Poets write,
 Forsook th' Horizon, and roll'd down the Light ;
 While glitt'ring Stars his absent Beams supply,
 And Night's dark Mantle overspread the Sky ;
 Then rose the Guests ; and as the Time requir'd,
 Each paid his Thanks and decently retir'd.

The Foe once gone, our Knight prepar'd t' undress,
 So keen he was and eager to possess :
 But first thought fit th' Assistance to receive,
 Which grave Physicians scruple not to give ;
Satyrian near, with hot *Eringo's* flood,
Cantharides, to fire the lazy Blood,
 Whose Use old Bards describe in luscious Rhymes
 And Criticks learn'd explain to modern Times.

By this the Sheets were spread, the Bride undress'd,
 The Room was sprinkled, and the Bed was bless'd.
 What next ensu'd beseems not me to say ;
 'Tis sung, he labour'd till the dawning Day,
 Then briskly sprung from Bed, with Heart so light,
 As all were nothing he had done by Night,
 And sipp'd his Cordial as he sat upright :
 He kiss'd his balmy Spouse with wanton Play,
 And feebly sung a lusty Roundelay :
 Then on the Couch his weary Limbs he cast ;
 For every Labour must have Rest at last.

But anxious Cares the pensive Squire oppress'd,
 Sleep fled his Eyes, and Peace forsook his Breast ;
 The raging Flames that in his Bosom dwell,
 He wanted Art to hide, and Means to tell.

Yet hoping Time the Occasion might betray,
Compos'd a Sonnet to the lovely *May*;
Which writ and folded with the nicest Art,
He wrapp'd in Silk, and laid upon his Heart.

When now the fourth revolving Day was run,
('Twas *June*, and *Cancer* had receiv'd the Sun)
Forth from her Chamber came the beauteous Bride:
The good old Knight mov'd slowly by her Side.
High Mass was sung; they feasted in the Hall;
The Servants round stood ready at their Call.
The Squire alone was absent from the Board,
And much his Sickness griev'd his worthy Lord,
Who pray'd his Spouse attended with her Train,
To visit *Damian*, and divert his Pain.
Th' obliging Dames obey'd with one Consent;
They left the Hall, and to his Lodging went.
The female Tribe surround him as he lay,
And close beside him sat the gentle *May*:
Where, as she try'd his Pulse, he softly drew
A heaving Sigh, and cast a mournful View;
Then gave his Bill, and brib'd the Pow'rs divine
With secret Vows, to favour his Design.

Who studies now but discontented *May*?
On her soft Couch uneasily she lay:
The lumpish Husband snor'd away the Night,
'Till Coughs awak'd him near the Morning Light.
What then he did, I'll not presume to tell,
Nor if she thought herself in Heav'n or Hell:
Honest and dull, in nuptial Bed they lay,
'Till the Bell toll'd, and all arose to pray.

Were it by forceful Destiny decreed,
 Or did from Chance, or Nature's Pow'r proceed ;
 Or that some Star, with Aspect kind to love,
 Shed its selectest Influence from above ;
 Whatever was the Cause, the tender Dame
 Felt the first Motions of an infant Flame ;
 Receiv'd the Impressions of the love-sick Squire,
 And wasted in the soft infectious Fire.
 Ye fair, draw near, let *May's* Example move
 Your gentle Minds to pity those who love !
 Had some fierce Tyrant in her **Stead** been found,
 The poor Adorer sure had hang'd, or drown'd :
 But she, your Sex's Mirrour, free from Pride,
 Was much too meek to prove a Homicide.

But to my Tale : Some Sages have design'd
 Pleasure the sov'reign Bliss of human Kind :
 Our Knight (who study'd much, we may suppose)
 Deriv'd his high Philosophy from those :
 For, like a Prince, he bore the vast Expence
 Of lavish Pomp and proud Magnificence :
 His House was stately, his Retinue gay,
 Large was his Train, and gorgeous his Array.
 His spacious Garden, made to yield to none,
 Was compas'd round with Walls of solid Stone.

Full in the Centre of the flow'ry Ground,
 A crystal Fountain spread its Streams around :
 About this Spring (if antient Fame say true)
 The dapper Elves their Moon-light Sports pursue :
 Their pigmy King, and little fairy Queen,
 In circling Dances gambol'd on the Green,

While

While tuneful Sprites a merry Confort made,
And airy Music warbled thro' the Shade.

Hither the noble Knight would oft repair,
(His Scene of Pleasure, and peculiar Care)
For this he held it dear, and always bore
The silver Key that lock'd the Garden-Door.
To this sweet Place in Summer's sultry Heat,
He us'd from Noise and Business to retreat;
And here in Dalliance spend the live-long Day,
Solus cum sola with his sprightly *May*.

For whate'er Work was undischarged a-bed,
The duteous Knight in this fair Garden sped.
But ah! what Mortal lives of Bliss secure,
How short a Space our worldly Joys endure?
O Fortune, fair, like all the treach'rous Kind,
But faithless still, and wav'ring as the Wind!
O painted Monster, form'd Mankind to cheat,
With pleasing Poison, and with soft Deceit!
This rich, this am'rous, venerable Knight,
Amidst his Ease, his Solace, and Delight,
Struck blind by thee, resigns his Days to Grief,
And calls on Death, the Wretch's last Relief.

The Rage of Jealousy then seiz'd his Mind,
For much he fear'd the Faith of Woman-kind.
His Wife not suffered from his Side to stray
Was Captive kept, he watch'd her Night and Day.
Full oft in Tears did hapless *May* complain,
And sigh'd full oft; but sigh'd and wept in vain,
She look'd on *Damian* with a Lover's Eye,
For oh, 'twas fix'd; she must Possess or die!

Nor less Impatience vex'd her am'rous Squire,
 Wild with Delay, and burning with Desire.
 Watch'd as she was, yet could he not refrain
 By secret Writing to disclose his Pain ;
 The Dame by Signs reveal'd her kind Intent,
 'Till both were conscious what each other meant.

The Dame at last, by Diligence and Care,
 Procur'd the Key her Knight was wont to bear ;
 She took the Wards in Wax before the Fire,
 And gave th' Impression to the trusty Squire.
 By Means of this, some Wonder shall appear,
 Which in due Place and Season you may hear.

Well sung sweet *Ovid* in the Days of yore,
 What Slight is that, which Love will not explore ?
 And *Pyramus* and *Thisbe* plainly show
 The Feats true Lovers, when they list, can do :
 Tho' watch'd and captive, yet in Spite of all,
 They found the Art of Kissing thro' a Wall.

But now no longer from our Tale to stray ;
 It happ'd, that once upon a Summer's Day,
 Our rev'rend Knight was urg'd to am'rous Play :
 He rais'd his Spouse, e'er *Matin-bell* was rung,
 And thus his Morning Canticle he sung.

Awake my Love, disclose thy radiant Eyes ;
 Arise, my Wife, my beauteous Lady, rise !
 Hear how the Doves with pensive Notes complain,
 And in soft Murmurs tell the Trees their Pain ;
 The Winter's past ; the Clouds and Tempests fly ;
 The Sun adorns the Fields, and brightens all the Sky.

Fair

Fair without Spot, whose ev'ry charming Part
My Bosom wounds, and captivates my Heart;
Come and in mutual Pleasures let's engage,
Joy of my Life, and comfort of my Age.

This heard, to *Damian* strait a Sign she made,
To haste before; the gentle Squire obey'd:
Secret, and undescri'd, he took his Way,
And ambush'd close behind an Arbour lay.
It was not long e'er *January* came,
And Hand in Hand with him his lovely Dame;
Blind as he was, not doubting all was sure,
He turn'd the Key, and made the Gate secure.

Here let us walk, he said, observ'd by none,
Conscious of Pleasures to the World unknown:
So may my Soul have Joy, as thou, my Wife,
Art far the dearest Solace of my Life;
And rather wou'd I chuse, by Heav'n above,
To die this Instant, than to lose thy Love.
Reflect what Truth was in my Passion shown,
When unendow'd, I took thee for my own,
And sought no Treasure but thy Heart alone.
Old as I am, and now depriv'd of Sight,
While thou art faithful to thy own true Knight,
Nor Age, nor Blindness rob me of Delight.
Each other Loss with Patience I can bear,
The Loss of thee is what I only fear.

Consider then, my Lady, and my Wife,
The solid Comforts of a virtuous Life:
At first, the Love of Christ himself you gain;
Next, your own Honour undefil'd maintain;

And

And lastly, that which sure your Mind must move,
 My whole Estate shall gratify your Love :
 Make your own Terms, and e'er to morrow's Sun
 Displays his Light, by Heav'n it shall be done.
 I seal the Contract with a holy Kiss,
 And will perform, by this—my Dear, and this.—
 Have Comfort, Spouse, nor think thy Lord unkind ;
 'Tis Love, not Jealousy that fires my Mind.
 For when thy Charms my sober Thoughts engage,
 And join'd to them, my own unequal Age ;
 From thy dear Side I have no Pow'r to part,
 Some secret Transports warm my melting Heart.
 For who that once possess'd those heav'nly Charms,
 Cou'd live one Moment absent from thy Arms.

He ceas'd, and *May* with modest Grace reply'd ;
 (Weak was her Voice, as while she spoke she cry'd :)
 Heav'n knows, (with that, a tender Sigh she drew)
 I have a Soul to save as well as you ;
 And, what no less you to my Charge commend,
 My dearest Honour will to Death descend.
 To you in holy Church I gave my Hand,
 And join'd my Heart in Wedlock's sacred Band :
 Yet after this if you distrust my Care,
 Then hear, my Lord, and witness what I swear :
 First, may the yawning Earth her Bosom rend,
 And let me hence to Hell alive descend.
 Or die the Death I dread no less than Hell,
 Sow'd in a Sack, and plung'd into a Well :
 E'er I my Fame by one lew'd Act disgrace,
 Or once renounce the Honour of my Race.

For know, Sir Knight, of gentle Blood I came,
 I loath a Whore, and startle at the Name.
 But jealous Men on their own Crimes reflect,
 And learn from thence their Ladies to suspect:
 Else why these needless Cautions, Sir, to me?
 These Doubts and Fears of Female Constancy?
 This Chime still rings in every Lady's Ear,
 The only Strain a Wife must hope to hear.

Thus while she spoke, a sidelong Glance she cast,
 Where *Damian* kneeling, worshipping'd as she past.
 She saw him watch the Motions of her Eye,
 And singled out a Pear-tree planted nigh:
 'Twas charg'd with Fruit that made a goodly Show,
 And hung with dangling Pears on ev'ry Bough.
 Thither th' obsequious Squire address'd his Pace,
 And climbing, in the Summit took his Place;
 The Knight and Lady walk'd beneath in view,
 Where let us leave them, and our Tale pursue.

'Twas now the Season when the glorious Sun
 His heav'nly Progress through the *Twins* had run.
 Clear was the Day, and *Phæbus* rising bright,
 Had streak'd the azure Firmament with Light?
 He pierc'd the glit'ring Clouds with golden Streams,
 And warm'd the Womb of Earth with genial Beams.

It so befel, in that fair Morning-tide,
 The Fairies sported on the Garden's Side,
 And, in the midst, their Monarch and his Bride.
 So featly tripp'd the Light-foot Ladies round,
 The Knights so nimbly o'er the greensword Bound,
 That scarce they bent the Flow'rs or touch'd the
 Ground.

The

The Dances ended, all the fairy Train
 For Pinks and Daisies search the flow'ry Plain;
 While on a Bank reclin'd of rising Green,
 Thus with a Frown the King bespoke his Queen:

'Tis too apparent, argue what you can,
 The Treachery you Women use to Man:
 A thousand Authors have this Truth made out,
 And sad Experience leaves no Room for Doubt.

Heav'n rest thy Spirit, noble *Solomon*,
 A wiser Monarch never saw the Sun:
 For sagely hast thou said; of all Mankind,
 One only just, and righteous hope to find:
 But should'st thou search the spacious World around
 Yet one good Woman is not to be found.

Thus says the King who knew your Wickedness;
 The Son of *Sirach* testifies no less.
 So may some Wildfire on your Bodies fall,
 Or some devouring Plague consume you all;
 As well you View the Leacher in the Tree,
 And well this honourable Knight you see:
 But since he's blind and old, (a helpless Case)
 His Squire shall cuckold him before your Face.

Now by my own dread Majesty I swear,
 And by this awful Sceptre which I bear,
 No impious Wretch shall 'scape unpunish'd long,
 That in my Presence offers such a Wrong.
 I will this Instant undeceive the Knight,
 And in the very Act restore his Sight:
 And set the Strumpet here in open View,
 A Warning to these Ladies, and to you,
 And all the faithless Sex, for ever to be true.

}
 }
 }
 And

And will you so, reply'd the Queen indeed?
 Now, by my Mother's Soul, it is decreed,
 She shall not want an Answer at her Need.
 For her, and for her Daughters, I'll engage,
 And all the Sex in each succeeding Age:
 Art shall be theirs to varnish an Offence,
 And fortify their Crimes with Confidence.
 Nay, were they taken in a strict Embrace,
 Seen with both Eyes, and pinion'd on the Place;
 All they shall need is to protest and swear,
 Breath a soft Sigh, and drop a tender Tear;
 'Till their wise Husbands, gull'd by Arts like these,
 Grow gentle, tractable, and tame as Geese.

What tho' this stand'rous *Jew* this *Solomon*,
 Call'd Women Fools, and knew full many a one?
 The wiser Wits of later Times declare,
 How constant, chaste, and virtuous, Women are:
 Witness the Martyrs, who resign'd their Breath,
 Serene in Torments, unconcern'd in Death;
 And witness next what *Roman* Authors tell,
 How *Arria*, *Portia*, and *Lucretia* fell.

But since the sacred Leaves to all are free,
 And Men interpret Texts, why shou'd not we?
 By this no more was meant, than to have shown,
 That Sov'reign Goodness dwells in him alone,
 Who only Is, and is but only One.
 But grant the worst; shall Women then be weigh'd
 By ev'ry Word that *Solomon* has said?
 What tho' this King (as antient Story boasts)
 Built a fair Temple to the Lord of Hosts;

He ceas'd at last his Maker to adore,
 And did as much for Idol-gods, or more.
 Beware what lavish Praises you confer
 On a rank Leacher and Idolater;
 Whose Reign indulgent God, says holy writ,
 Did but for *David's* righteous Sake permit;
David the Monarch after Heav'n's own Mind,
 Who lov'd our Sex, and honour'd all our Kind.

Well, I'm a Woman, and as such must speak;
 Silence would swell me, and my Heart would break.
 Know then, I scorn your dull Authorities,
 Your idle Wits, and all their learned Lyes.
 By Heav'n, those Authors are our Sex's Foes,
 Whom, in our Right, I must, and will oppose.

Nay, quoth the King, dear Madam, be not wroth;
 I yield it up; but since I gave my Oath,
 That this much-injur'd Knight again shou'd see;
 It must be done—I am a King, said he,
 And one, whose Faith has ever sacred been.

And so has mine, (she said)—I am a Queen;
 Her Answer she shall have, I undertake;
 And thus an End of all Dispute I make:
 Try when you List; and you shall find, my Lord,
 It is not in our Sex to break our Word.

We leave them here in this heroic Strain,
 And to the Knight our Story turns again;
 Who in the Garden with his lovely *May*,
 Sung merrier than the Cuckow or the Jay:
 This was his Song; “ Oh kind and constant be,
 “ Constant and kind I'll ever prove to thee.”

Thus

Thus singing as he went, at last he drew,
By easy Steps to where the Pear-tree grew :
The longing Dame look'd up, and spy'd her Love
Full fairly pearch'd among the Boughs above.
She stopp'd and sighing : O good Gods, she cry'd,
What Pangs, what sudden Shoots distend my Side
Oh for the tempting Fruit, so fresh, so green !
Help, for the Love of Heav'ns immortal Queen !
Help, dearest Lord, and save at once the Life
Of thy poor Infant, and thy longing Wife !
Sore sigh'd the Knight to hear the Lady's Cry,
But cou'd not climb, and had no Servant nigh :
Old as he was, and void of Eye-sight too,
What cou'd, alas ! the helpless Husband do ?
And must I languish then, she said, and die,
Yet view the lovely Fruit before my Eye ?
At least, kind Sir, for Charity's sweet Sake,
Vouchsafe the Trunk between your Arms to take :
Then from your Back I might ascend the Tree ;
Do you but stoop, and leave the rest to me.

With all my Soul, he thus reply'd again,
I'd spend my dearest Blood to ease thy Pain ;
With that, his Back against the Trunk he bent.
She seiz'd a Twig, and up the Tree she went.

Now prove your Patience, gentle Ladies all !
Nor let on me your heavy Anger fall :
'Tis Truth I tell, tho' not in Phrase refin'd ;
Tho' blunt my Tale, yet honest is my Mind.
What Feats the Lady in the Tree might do,
I pass, as Gambols never known to you ;

But sure it was a merrier Fit, she swore,
Than in her Life she ever felt before.

In that nice Moment, lo! the wond'ring Knight
Look'd out, and stood restor'd to sudden Sight.

Strait on the Tree his eager Eyes he bent,
As one whose Thoughts were on his Spouse intent ;

But when he saw his Bosom-Wife so dress'd,

His Rage was such as cannot be express'd:

Not frantic Mothers when their Infants die,

With louder Clamours rend the vaulted Sky :

He cry'd, he roar'd, he storm'd, he tore his Hair ;

Death! Hell! and Furies! what dost thou do there ?

What ails my Lord? the trembling Dame reply'd ;

I thought your Patience had been better try'd :

Is this your Love, ungrateful and unkind,

This my Reward, for having cur'd the Blind ?

Why was I taught to make my Husband see,

By struggling with a Man upon a Tree ?

Did I, for this, the Pow'r of Magic prove ?

Unhappy Wife, whose Crime was too much Love !

If this be struggling, by this holy Light,

'Tis struggling with a Vengeance, quoth the Knight,

So Heav'n preserve the Sight it has restor'd,

As with these Eyes I plainly saw thee whor'd ;

Whor'd by my Slave—perfidious Wretch ! may Hell

As surely seize thee, as I saw too well.

Guard me, good Angels! cry'd the gentle *May*,

Pray Heav'n, this Magic work the proper Way !

Alas, my Love ! 'tis certain, could you see,

You ne'er had us'd these killing Words to me :

So help me Fate, as 'tis no perfect Sight,
But some faint Glimm'ring of a doubtful Light.

What I have said, (quoth he) I must maintain,
For by th' immortal Pow'rs it *seem'd* too plain—
By all those Pow'rs some Frenzy seiz'd your Mind,
(Reply'd the Dame) are these the Thanks I find!
Wretch that I am, that e'er I was so kind!

She said; a rising Sigh express'd her Woe,
The ready Tears apace began to flow,
And as they fell, she wip'd from either Eye
The Drops, (for Women, when they list, can cry.)

The Knight was touch'd, and in his Looks appear'd
Signs of Remorse, while thus his Spouse he cheer'd.
Madam, 'tis past, and my short Anger o'er;
Come down, and vex your tender Heart no more:
Excuse me, Dear, if ought amiss was said,
For, on my Soul, amends shall soon be made:
Let my Repentance your Forgiveness draw,
By Heav'n, I swore but what I *thought* I saw.

Ah, my lov'd Lord! 'twas much unkind she cry'd
On bare Suspicion thus to treat your Bride.

But till your Sight's establish'd, for a while,
Imperfect Objects may your Sense beguile.

Thus when from Sleep we first our Eyes display,
The Balls are wounded with the piercing Ray,
And dusky Vapours rise, and intercept the Day.

So just recov'ring from the Shades of Night,
Your swimming Eyes are drunk with sudden Light,
Strange Phantoms dance around, and skim before
your Sight.

Then,

Then, Sir, be cautious, nor too rashly deem.
 Heav'n knows how seldom Things are what they seem !
 Consult you Reason, and you soon shall find
 'Twas you were jealous, not your Wife unkind :
Jove ne'er spoke Oracle more true than this,
 None judge so wrong as those who think amiss.

With that, she leap'd into her Lord's Embrace,
 With well-dissembled Virtue in her Face.
 He hugg'd her close, and kiss'd her o'er and o'er,
 Disturb'd with Doubts and Jealousies no more :
 Both, pleas'd and bless'd, renew'd their mutual Vows,
 A fruitful Wife, and a believing Spouse.
 Thus ends our Tale, whose Moral next to make,
 Let all wise Husbands hence Example take ;
 And pray, to crown the Pleasure of their Lives,
 To be so well deluded by their Wives.

DOLEFUL DUMPS ; *or, the poor Poet and
 his Taylor.* By Mr. MITCHELL.

In Imitation of CATO's Soliloquy.

*The Author solus. Sitting in a thoughtful Posture :
 In his Hand a Taylor's Bill, with an expostu-
 latory Letter, Pen, Ink, and Paper, on the
 Table by him.*

Humbly address'd to the Earl of STAIR.

IT must be so—Taylor, thou reason'st well !—
 Else whence this pleasing Hope, this fond Desire,
 This

This earnest Longing, to discharge thy *Bill*?
 Or whence this secret Dread, or inward Horror.
 Of an *Arrest*? Why shrinks the conscious Soul
 Back on her self, and startles at a *Bayliff*?
 The *Justice* of a Cause prevails within us;
 'Tis *Honesty* that points out better Days,
 And intimates ev'n *Money* to a *Bard*!
Money! thou pleasing, anxious, dreadful Thought!
 Through what Variety of untry'd Life,
 Through what new Scenes and Changes must we pass?
 The wide, th' unbounded Prospect lies before me;
 But Shadows, Clouds, and Darknes rest upon it.
 Here will I hold. If a *Mæcenas* be,
 (And that there is, Fame publishes abroad
 Thro' *British* Realms) he must delight in Goodness;
 And that which he delights in must be happy.
 But when! or who?—at present I'm in Need,
 And dun'd for Debt—but this must bring Relief.
 (Taking his Pen in his Hand)
 Thus am I doubly arm'd. My Pain or Pleasure,
 My Bane and Antidote are both before me.
 This in a Moment claps me in a *Goal*;
 But *That* informs me I shall yet be rich.
 The *Muse*, secur'd by Inspiration, smiles
 At sight of *Catchpoles*, and defies a *Writ*.
Nobles may perish, and the *King* himself
 Submit to Fate, the very Realm be ruin'd,
 But *Bards* shall flourish in immortal Youth,
 Unhurt amidst the *Whig* and *Tory* Broils,
 Our civil Fury, and our foreign Wars.

What

What means this Heaviness that hangs upon me?
 This Lethargy that creeps thro' all my Senses?
 Nature, oppress'd and harra's'd out with Care,
 Sinks down to Dulness.—Let me drink a *Bottle*,
 That my awaken'd *Muse* may wing her Flight,
 Renew'd in all her Strength, and fresh with Life,
 An Off'ring fit for *Stair*. Let Guilt or Fear
 Disturb Men's Rest: *Mitchell* knows neither of 'em,
 Indifferent in his Choice to live or die,
 If he, great Lord! vouchsafe me not his Favour.

An Epistle from a Gentleman to Sir H——
S——: who, upon having sav'd his
Life, desired he would send him all the
Rarities he could find in his Travels.

SINCE you, dear Doctor, sav'd my Life,
 By turns to bless, and Plague my Wife,
 In Conscience I'm oblig'd to do
 Whatever is enjoin'd by you:
 According then to your command
 That I shou'd search the Western-Land
 For curious Things of ev'ry Kind,
 And send you all that I could find,
 I've ravag'd Air, Earth, Sea, and Caverns,
 Men, Women, Children, Towns, and Taverns;
 And greater Rarities can shew,
 Than *Gresham's* Children ever knew;
 Which Carrier *Dick* shall bring you down,
 Next time his Waggon comes to Town.

First,

First, Sir, three Drops of that same Show'r
 Which *Jove* in *Danae's* Lap did pour;
 From *Carthage* brought the Sword I'll send
 Which brought Queen *Dido* to her End;
 The Stone by which *Goliath* dy'd,
 Which cures the Head-Ach well apply'd;
 The Snake-skin, which you may believe,
 The Devil cast who tempted *Eve*;
 A Fig-leaf Apron, 'tis the same
 Which *Adam* wore to hide his Shame,
 But now wants darning; I've beside
 The Blow by which poor *Abel* dy'd;
 A Whetstone worn exceeding small
 Time us'd to whet his Scythe withal,
 The Pigeon stuff, which *Noah* sent
 To tell him when the Waters went;
 A Ring I've got of *Sampson's* Hair,
 The same which *Dalilah* did wear;
 St. *Dunstan's* Tongs, which Story shews
 Did pinch the Devil by the Nose!
 The very Shaft which all may see,
 That *Cupid* shot at *Anthony*;
 And, what above the Rest I prize,
 A Glance from *Cleopatra's* Eyes;
 Some Strains of Eloquence that hung
 In *Roman* Times on *Tully's* Tongue,
 Which long conceal'd and lost had lain
 Till *C—r* found them out again:
 Then I've, most curious to be seen,
 A Scorpion's Bite to cure the Spleen;

A Goad which, rightly us'd, will prove
 A certain Remedy for Love ;
 As *Moor* cures Worms in Stomach bred,
 I've Pills cure Maggots in the Head,
 With the Receipt shews how to make 'em ;
 To you I leave the Time to take 'em.
 I've got a Rag of *Phæbus* Shrine
 Found in the Bottom of a Mine ;
 A Lawyer's Conscience large and Fair,
 Fit for a Judge himself to wear ;
 With a Choice *Nostrum*, fit to make
 An Oath a Catholick won't take.
 In a Thumb Vial you shall see
 Close-stopp'd some Drops of Honesty,
 Which after searching Kingdoms round
 At last were in a Cottage found ;
 An Antidote, if such there be,
 Against the Charms of Flattery.
 I han't collected any *Care* ;
 Of that there's Plenty ev'ry where ;
 But, after wond'rous Labour spent,
 I've got one Grain of rich *Content*.

It is my Wish, as 'tis my Glory,
 To furnish your Knick-Knackatory ;
 I'll only beg, whene'er you shew 'em,
 You'll tell your Friends to whom you owe 'em,
 Which may your other Patients teach,
 To do as has done yours,—

TOM. BEACH.

The Will of Mr. A—Y, of New-England.

TO my dear Wife, my Joy and Life,
I freely now do give her
My whole Estate, with all my Plate,
Being just about to leave her.

A Tub of Soap, a long Cart-Rope,
A frying Pan and Kettle,
An ashen Pail, a thrashing Flail
An Iron Wedge and Beetle.

Two painted Chairs, nine warden Pears,
A large old Dripping-Platter,
The Bed of Hay, on which I lay,
An old Sauce-Pan for Butter.

A little Mug, a two Quart Jug,
A Bottle full of Brandy,
A looking Glass, to see your Face,
You'll find it very handy.

A Musket true, as ever flew,
A Pound of Shot and Wallet,
A leather Sash, my Calabash,
My Powder-Horn and Bullet.

An old Sword Blade, a Garden Spade,
A Hoe, a Rake, a Ladder,
A wooden Can, a Close-stool Pan,
A Clyster-Pipe and Bladder.

A greasy Hat, my old Ram-Cat,
A Yard and half of Linnen,
A Pot of Grease, a woollen Fleece,
In order for your Spinning.

A small-tooth Comb, an ashen Broom,
A Candlestick and Hatchet,
A Coverlid strip'd down with red,
A Bag of Rags to patch it.

A ragged Mat, a Tub of Fat,
A Book put out by *Bunyan*,
Another Book by *Robin Rook*,
A Skain or two of Spun-yarn.

An old black Muff, some Garden Stuff,
A Quantity of Borrage,
Some Devil's Weed, and Burdock-Seed,
To season well your Porridge.

A chafing Dish, with one salt Fish,
If I am not mistaken,
A Leg of Pork, a broken Fork,
And half a Fitch of Bacon,

A spinning Wheel, one Peck of Meal,
A Knife without a Handle,
A rusty Lamp, two Quarts of Samp,
And half a Tallow Candie.

My

My Pouch and Pipes, two Oxen tripes,
An oaken Dish well carved ;
My little Dog, and spotted Hog,
With two young Pigs just starved

This is my Store, I have no more,
I heartily do give it,
My Years are spun, my Days are done,
And so I think to leave it.

*The SWEEPER of New Haven's Love-Letter
to Mr. A—Y's Widow.*

Mistress A—y, to you I fly,
You only can relieve me,
To you I turn, for you I burn,
If you will but believe me.

Then, gentle Dame, admit my Flame,
And grant me my Petition ;
If you deny, alas ! I dye
In pitiful Condition.

Before the News, of your poor Spouse,
Had reached our *New Haven*,
My dear Wife dy'd, who was my Bride,
In *Anno* eighty seven.

Thus

Thus being free, Let's both agree
 To join our Hands, for I do
 Boldly aver a Widower
 Is fittest for a Widow.

You may be sure, 'tis not your Dow'r
 I make this flowing Verse on,
 In these smooth Lays, I only praise,
 The Glories of your Person.

For the whole that, was left to *Mat*, *
Fortune to me has granted,
 In equal Store, Nay, I have more,
 What *Matthew* always wanted.

No Teeth 'tis true, you have to shew,
 The young think Teeth inviting;
 But silly Youths! I love those Mouths
 Where there's no Fear of biting!

A leaky Eye that's never dry.
 These woful Times is fitting:
 A wrinkled Face adds solemn Grace
 To Folks devout at Meeting.

A furrow'd Brow, where Corn might grow,
 Such fertile Soil is seen in't:
 A long hook'd Nose, tho' scorn'd by Foes,
 For Spectacles convenient.

* The Name of the deceased Mr. A——y.

Thus to go on, I cou'd Pen down,
Your Charms from Head to Foot,
Set all your Glory, in Verse before ye,
But I've no mind to do't.

Then hast away, and make no Stay,
For soon as you come hither,
We'll eat and sleep, make Beds and sweep,
And talk and smoke together.

But if, my Dear, I must move there,
Tow'r'd *Cambridge* strait I'll set me,
To towze the Hay, on which you lay,
If Madam you will let me.

NED WARD's *last Will.*

I th' Name of God, the King of Kings,
Whose Glory fills the mighty Space,
Creator of all worldly Things,
And giver of both Time and Place.

To him I do resign my Breath,
And that immortal Soul he gave me;
Sincerely hoping, after Death,
The Merits of his Son will save me.

O bury not my peaceful Corpse,
In *Cripplegate*, were Discord dwells,
And wrangling Parties jangle worse,
Than Alley-Scolds, or *Sunday's* Bells.

To

To good St. *Pancras*'s holy Ground,
I dedicate my lifeless Clay,

'Till the last Trumpet's joyful Sound
Shall raise me to eternal Day.

No costly Funeral prepare ;
'Twixt Sun and Sun, I only crave
A Hearse and one black Coach, to bear
My Wife and Children to my Grave.

My Goods and Chattles, I desire,
May pay the honest Debts I owe ;
The Rest (if any) I require
May to my Wife and Children go.

My Blessing unto each I give ;
Let that suffice instead of Wealth :
May grace attend them whilst they live,
And Virtue long preserve their Health !

My Wife I do appoint the Sole
Executrix of this my Will,
And set my Hand unto the Scrole,
In hopes the Same she will fulfil.

The Merry MONARCH ; or, *Knighthood a*
Fest.

W H E N good King *Jemmy* wore the *British*
Crown,
A pleasant *Fest* for brightest Wit went down :

A *Pun*, a *Quibble*. a *Conundrum* quaint,
 Oft made a *Bishop* of a Man no *Saint*.
 Smart *Repartees* pals'd all for *sterling Coin*.
 And *Wit* was then as unrefin'd as *Wine*.
 The *King* himself, so rest his merry Soul,
 Could crack his *Joke*—nor would his Mirth controul;
 But laugh'd full hearty, if the *Fest* was keen,
 Nor could the Care of *Kingdoms* give him Spleen.

Thus story tells—As he rode out one Day,
 To chase the *Stag*, he lost by Chance his Way:
 The *Courtiers* eager, scour the spacious Field,
 While duty there did unto Pleasure yield.
 Along King *Femmy*, with his usual Grace,
 Kept stepping onward in a common Pace.
 'Till near two *Clowns* he came, who work'd full hard,
 Hedging a *Glose*, behind a *Farmer's-Yard*.
 They spy'd the *King*, and from his awkward Mien,
 Thought he some needy *Northern Laird* had been.
Good Men, (quo he)--and then he made his Bow,
Ken ye which Way the Nobles rode just now?
My Business leads me unto our King James.
 I know him not, in troth (*quoth one*)-it seems
 He only minds his Countrymen, while we
 Labour thus hard to furnish out their *Glee*.
 Ride on (*quoth 'tother*) Man, you'll find him out,
 Surrounded by a gaudy *Scottish Rout*:
 Fear not thy Fortune, *Femmy* loves a Loon,
 And thou'rt some starving Knight that wants a *Boon*.
Well fare ye, (quo the *King*) and o'my *Weard*,
Good Character ye to year Prince affeard:

And he wat weel, it au gangs to his Ear ;
 Why then (quoth *Dick*) for once the Truth he'll hear.

So saying, to a Grove that lay in sight,
 On rode the *King*, and there thought fit to light ;
 Out stretch'd his *Royal* Limbs upon the Place,
 And slept full sweetly on the verdant Grass ;
 No Policies of *State* disturb'd his Mind,
 But that good *Prince* snor'd loud as any *Hind*,
 Until the Chase was o'er, a *Stag* was dead,
 When duty found a Place in *Courtier's* Heads :
 Nor had the Noble train long sought their *Lord*,
 E'er fast they found him on the gay *Greensword*.
 Hasty they then from reeking *Courfers* spring
 While with a Smile up rose the *jocund King*.

My Lords (quo he) *as you rid yonder by,*
Did ye not, hedging, twa auld carles spy,
*In Leather doublets clad---*My *Liege*, we did
 (Quoth one)--- See then (said he) *them hither lead*.
 Strait they obey'd, and as they dragg'd each *Clown*,
Ads me (quoth *Dick* to *Ralph*) *we're both undone*.
Yon Man we took for some poor begging *Knight*,
Is the King's Grace.--- Ods Fish (quoth *Ralph*) you're
 right

We shall be hang'd.---What will become of *Sue* !
 She'll pine to death ! *And so will Marg'ry too*.

Them at a Distance when the Monarch spy'd.
 He took the *Whynard* from his *Martial* side :
 Behind him on the Ground its Point he stay'd,
 As not much caring to survey the Blade.

Low on their Knees the trembling Wretches crawl,
 And Sweat for Fear their Heads should lower Fall.
Your Names (quoth *Jemmy*) in an angry Tone;
Mine is poor Dick—Mine Ralph, a sorry Clown!
Weel (quo the King) and gave their Necks a Strap,
Sir Ralph, Sir Richard, ye may both get up:
Now Knights ye are, and o' my Soul! I ween,
Twa peurer Knights in Scotland ne'er were seen.
 A loud Applause the fawning Croud exprest,
 To see too *Titles* go to make one *jest*.

NELL the Ballad-Singer's Lamentation.

NOT ev'ry Temper rural Scenes delight:
 Begin, my Muse, a lofty *London* Flight.
 Love, who invades the rural Nymphs and Swains,
 No less a Tyrant in the City reigns;
 All, more or less, his Pains or Pleasures know,
 "For what's too high for Love? or what's too low?"
 Begin, my Muse, *Warbletta's* Woe rehearse,
 Who oft' in Cadence clear has sung thy Verse.

Warbletta—sweetest of the Throng that squalls
 Melodious Ballads—at the End of *Paul's*;
 She, whose Love-sonnets with persuasive Strain,
 Cou'd Maids, 'tis said, and Prentice-Boys detain;
 Who every Ballad, every famous Song,
 Cou'd sing so loudly--and yet sing so long;
 Alluring a wide gaping motley Band,
 Whilst in their Pockets div'd some nimble Hand,
 No more her vocal Pow'r in publick tries,
 But weeping to a neighb'ring Gin-Shop flies:

There pensive on a Runlet sits alone,
And, blending Gin with Tears, thus makes her Moan.

Galloway Tom, inveigling renegade,
The Bane of every fond believing Maid !
Curs'd be the Day, when first I heard his Name,
And kindred Warblers chaunt aloud his Fame ;
Curs'd be the Hour when first I saw his Face,
So smartly impudent, and void of Grace :
Well I remember it amidst the Throng,
How at first sight I falter'd in my Song ;
Gaz'd--sigh'd, and gaz'd and ev'ry sweeter Tone
Practis'd and level'd at his Ear alone.

Quick he perceiv'd, and gain'd my blinder Side ;
Kiss'd me, swore roundly, and as roundly ly'd.
How my Heart leap'd his flatt'ring Words to meet,
When the Knave vow'd he'd wed me at the *Fleet* !
Persuaded—and I bought a Copper Ring,
When he, false Wretch ! intended no such Thing.

Like a Brass-Shilling neatly silver'd o'er,
His Vows have pass'd--but they shall pass no more ;
The Silver's worn away, and now, alas !
His Perfidy appears more plain than Brass.
Wicked O'erseers defraud the wretched Poor ;
The Justice squeezes the starv'd padding Whore :
Yet Overseers and Justices I see,
Oh ! *Tom* ! are much---much honefter than thee.

Think, Varlet, think, to raise thee half a Crown,
How readily I pawn'd my Sunday-Gown !
To thee in *Bridewell* , for no goodness, pent,
What Victuals brought I ! and what Money lent !

Ye



Yet all that Money—which I earn'd so hard,
I've know thee lose upon a sing'e Card.

Releas'd I saw the fly to *Brick-dust Moll*;
Yet now return—and I'll forgive thee all:
I could, I fear, be once again deceiv'd;
Again believe thee—as I once believ'd.

O *Tom*, return, forget to throw a Main;
And burn thy Cards which a Lord's Purse might drain.
Lords may be wicked at their Virtue's Cost,
Since Titles guard 'em when their Virtue's lost.
Great Rogues may plunder a whole Commonweal;
But thou'dst be hang'd in Hemp, if thou shou'dst steal.
To great Ones then thy Lewdness quite resign,
And be thou honest, *Tom*, and only mine.
Come quickly, come, upon my once lov'd Breast
Repose thee—sink within my Arms to rest.
If Cares oppress thee, I'll divert my Love
With *Patient Grizel*---And a *Grizel* prove.
For thee all Day with open Throat I'll toil;
With thee at Night, well-pleas'd, divide the Spoil;
For thee a spicy Hot-pot I'll prepare;
For thee a nice Sheep's-Head I'll dress with Care.
Will not these win thee? Add to these the Joy,
Which nightly shall our waking Hours employ.

Hard-hearted Wretch! in vain, in vain I sue,
Rougher than Winds to a well-powder'd Cue,
The Habit of thy Temper now appears;
Oh! thou was nourish'd sure by *Hockley Bears*.
Like burning Brandy my warm Bosom glows,
Whilst thine is like a wint'ry Puddle froze.

What

What, tho' in Ballads so much Skill I boast !
 So long have reign'd *St. Giles's* fav'rite Toast !
 By pur-blind Fiddlers have been often ply'd,
 As often all their hated Suits deny'd !
 Nor Voice, nor Person for my *Tom* has Charms :
 And whilst ungrateful he thus shuns my Arms,
 Frantic I make some airy Bulk my Bed,
 Where chilling Winds fly whistling round my Head ;
 Whilst lazy muddy Channels bubbling creep,
 Inviting (tho' in vain) my Eyes to sleep.
 My chearless Eyes are ever waking found,
 When dismal Watchmen walk their Midnight round ;
 Or at their peaceful Stands securely snore,
 While Robbers at their Elbows force a Door.

Yet, *Tom*, return : or quickly tell me where
 I may, with open Arms, approach my Dear.
 Tell me, ye brighter Nymphs of *Drury*---say :
 Saw you my perjur'd Varlet go this Way ?
 Imbrownd Bunters of fam'd *Wapping*---tell,
 Does he amidst your winding Alleys dwell ?
 Ye Maids where'er he strays, his Courtship shun :
 Hear---you believe---believing---be undone.

Cruelly thus of ev'ry Joy bereft,
 Lost in my Quiet. and my Bosom cleft ;
 Such are the ling'ring Sorrows of my Mind,
 E'en in *Geneva* no Repose I find.
 No more shall love-sick Ditties swell my Throat ,
Smut shall no more obtain a warbling Note ;
 In *Paul's* Church Yard I'll raise my Voice no more.
 She said---and dozing sunk upon the Floor.

The

The maudling Matrons cry'd---pray mark her Fall!
The Pow'r of *Gin*, from Love defend us all.

The CONFESSIO*N.*

T*OM* *Ramble*, a Rake of true Catholick Hope,
Who rely'd on Salvation thro' Faith---in the Pope,
Having been to the Fair a little too true;
And borrow'd from God, to give Woman her due,
With a Qualm of Contrition, one Morning was taken:
(And Conscience declaring 'twas high time to reckon)
His steps to a Convent the Gallant address'd,
To pour his Transgressions in Dominick's Breast;
He rent his lac'd Ruffles, disgrac'd his Toupee,
He broke his Cutteau, and he fell on his Knee;
O Father! lost Rest to a Sinner restore;
These Pieces are many, my Trespasses more;
Thus saying, a Purse from his Pocket he loos'd;
Which, ey'd by the Friar, this Answer produc'd:

*Son, trust our good Mother, she'll ever confer
Indulgence on those who're indulgent to her.
Let indigent Wretches be scar'd for their Souls;
The Church has Remission---whilst you have Pistoles;
The Gate of her mercy to all is unbarr'd;
To all, I wou'd mean, who come duly prepar'd.*

A Shepherdess harmless and young I betray'd;
I found her, ah! wou'd I had left her a Maid:
Untaught as the Lambs, which she watch'd on the
Common,
I won with this Purse, and I made her a Woman.

This

This bought the Repentance, this bought the Delight ;

Take, take, holy Father, the Fiend from my Sight.

The Pater obey'd, and took Charge of the Booty :
Obedience you know was a Branch of his Duty ;

So, was Poverty too, yet, *aurum accepit* ;

Why sure you don't think, his Intent was to keep it !

But (lest a bad Tale by its length be made worse)
The Friar well weighing the Case---of the Purse :

I find not, saith he, any Cause for alarm ;

You instructed the Ignorant, where was the Harm ?

The Charms of a Widow my Soul did surprize ;
Unequal'd her Grief ; and unequal'd her Eyes ;

No second Enjoyment she'd sworn to allow ;

I kiss'd off her Tears, and oh ! cancell'd her Vow.

Meer Charity, Son, had obliged you to this ;
To comfort the Widow was sure not amiss.

An Huguenot's Confort fell next in my Snare ;
By Force I subdu'd the untractable Fair :

Her Husband intruded ; he fell in the Strife :

I stripp'd her of Honour, and him of his Life.

Pish, let not such Trifles your Mind incommode ;

To take from an Heretick's giving to God.

To a beautiful Nun, I my Flame did reveal
She open'd her Heart, and she open'd her Cell,
She open'd---O Heavens ! *Damnation and Hell !*

Mark, mark it in black, O ye sacred Recorders,
What, lie with a Nun, and not be in Orders !

That

That one deadly Sin exceeds all the * Seven,
'Tis robbing the Church, and that's robbing of Heav'n:
'Tis that damnable Error which can't be forgiven.
Nor Vigil, nor Off'ring can atone for the Evil;
Down, down to Perdition, down, down to the Devil.
Away crept the Gallant? away crept the Monk:
This sneak'd to his Porridge, and that to his Punk.

SWIFT'S Answer to a Friend, who asked
him what were his favourite Pieces of
Furniture.

THE Furniture that best doth please
St. Patrick's Dean, good Sir, are these;
The Knife and Fork, with which I eat,
And next the Pot that boils my Meat;
The next to be preferr'd, I think,
Is the Glas in which I drink;
The Shelves on which my Books I keep,
And the Bed in which I sleep;
An antique Elbow-Chair between,
Big enough to hold the Dean;
And the Stove that gives delight.
In the cold bleak Wintry-Night;
To these we add a Thing below,
More for use reserv'd than show:
These are what the Dean do please,
All superfluous are but these.

* Alluding to the seven deadly Sins in the *Papish* Liturgŷ.

The S H O E - H E E L.

In Imitation of the SPLENDID SHILLING.

ILL fare the Miscreant, who, to Mischief prone,
 In fatal Hour, by Star malignant rul'd,
 The whole World's Crimes appropriating, first,
 Invented *Styles*, dire Structures ! to oppose
 And break the peaceful Course of Passengers
 In rural Fields. The Wretch, by Heav'n abandon'd,
 Had studied long, and try'd ten thousand Sins
 Of blackest Dye, ere this curs'd Art was found,
 To thoughtful Men eternally a Plague.
 This, whilom wandering by fair *Iver's* Stream,
 Across the Meads, unwary, I experienc'd ;
 For, (wonderful to tell !) as stradling o'er
 A Log, that high above its Fellows rais'd
 Its Head inglorious, sudden slipp'd my Foot,
 And, from my Shoe, its Heel attendant forc'd,
 Deplorable ! A Step of Danger full !
 So had it prov'd to my important Limbs,
 But that they're sacred, as my Muse, inspir'd
 With Thoughts of Virtue, and *Killmorey's* House,
 Bless'd House ! were Plenty and Content abound ;
 And he, young *Peer*, the Shame of hoary Years,
 And Standard of Nobility, vouchsafes
 Friendship to Bards. O long, long may he live
 His Country's Blessing, and its Boast renown'd !
 This be my Morning and my Evening Prayer.
 Of him, most grateful Theme ! my Thoughts were
 full,

As from the Style, astonied, erst I fell,
Yet rose unhurt—Such was the Care of Heav'n!
So to be sav'd, I'll ever have such Thoughts,
And to *Killmorey* consecrate the Muse.

Happy the Day, that I the Danger 'scap'd,
Exulting: Ev'n my Ankle is unsprain'd!
Only, like a lame Traveller, o'er the Fields,
Darkling, I hopp'd. So *Mulciber*, of old,
(As *Homer*, Sire of Verse, majestick, sings)
Limp'd as he walk'd: for, thrown by angry *Jove*,
Sheer o'er the crystal Battlements of Heav'n,
A Summer's Day he fell; and, in the Fall,
Batter'd his Skull and Heel, on *Lemnian* Ground.
This *Vulcan* was a God! a Mortal I,
By Birth—But deathless, by the Muse, confirm'd!
As heal'd, by *Sintheians* He, so was my Shoe,
By *Killingfworth*, at *Iver* much renown'd;
Cobler in Chief to the laborious Swains!

To him, great Man! did soon a trusty *Page*,
Eager t'oblige a Bard (for all Domesticks
Of Lord *Killmorey* boast a Taste refin'd)
Convey my Calches. He, well-skill'd in Art.
In Minutes few, in perfect Union join'd
The sever'd Parts. So whilom *Anna* spoke
Discordant Kingdoms into lasting Peace.

O may kind Pow'rs his pious Pains reward,
And soon distorted Muscles of his * Wife,

† Mrs. *Killingfworth* was deliver'd of a young Cobler
the very Night after her Husband had mended the Poet's
Shoe. Such was the Will of Fate!

(Of

(Of which my broken Calches was a Type
 Prophetick,) be replac'd ! prodigious Chasm
 In Female Mould ! So yawn'd *Rome's* Forum wide,
 'Till *Curtius*, noble Youth ; jump'd in, undaunted.
 But *Killingworth*, heroick Youngster, forth
 From Orifice wide, discontinuous, broke ;
 Promise of future Usefulness to Men !
 Offspring immortal, of a deathless Sire,
 O'er rev'rend *Crispin's* self Superior fam'd ;
 Or † him, who, whistling, happy in his Stall,
 Eighth *Harry*, Royal Rambler, erst observ'd,
 Envious, astonish'd ; and, ambitious won,
 By means of Shoe, by regal Force unheel'd,
 To Friendship high. Such shou'd the Friendship be
 Of Kings and Coblers. So great *Harry* judg'd,
 And to a Cellar call'd his lov'd Compeer ;
 For Wine reveals and join the Hearts of Men.
 Social, they drank, and laugh'd, and talk'd, and sung ;
 Nor parted, till, in homely Hall, a Pot
 Of nappy Ale, twice ten Years barrel'd up,
 And *Anno Domini* with Rev'rence nam'd,
 Was quaff'd. But *Joan*, of Fellowship the Bane,
 Waking from Sleep, and grumbling, drove the *Prince*
 To Court, reluctant : Yet not ere join'd Hands
 Sanction'd the mutual Promise of true Love
 And Friendship lasting. Soon to Court the Son

* Pity his Name is not recorded in our Chronicles. The
 Curious may see his History at large in a little Treatise, en-
 titled, *The History of the King and the Cocker*, adorn'd with
 Cuts.

Of *Crispin* hied, a City Beau! to find
 His *Harry Tudor*; not without Consent,
 (Who wou'd have thought it?) of imperious *Joan*!
 But Wives, sometimes, are christianly dispos'd?
 Can Language tell the Cobler's vast Surprize,
 Terrors, Distraction, when in Royal Robes
 He found his Fellow? but divested soon
 Of Majesty and State, to Cellar rich,
 Th' indulgent *Prince* the welcome Fav'rite led,
 And drank him up to Sov'reignty of Soul!
 Fit Partner and Companion then confest!
 Mirth was renew'd, and Friendship faster bound.
 Nor stop'd great *Harry*, 'till fair forty Marks,
 Huge Pension then! were settled on the Man
 Of gentle Craft. Example take, ye Kings;
 And wisely chuse the Fav'rites of your Grace.
 Merit, like Air, is unconfined and free,
 But most in Stalls and humble Huts abounds.
 This weighing well, I, more than mortal Bard,
 Have made a Friend of *Killingsworth*, renown'd!
 Ne'er may the Union of our Hearts be broke.
 Vain Fear! while *Iver* nappy Ale affords;
 Or various Wines *Killmorey's* Cellar stores.

Hadst thou, O *Philips*, Bard prodigious! found
 A *Taylor*, dextrous as my *Cobler*, ne'er
 Had * Verse of thine the horrid Chasm confess'd
 Of *Galligaskins*; at which Winds alternate
 With chilling Blasts, tumultuous enter'd in.

* See the *Splendid Shilling*.

Oft, as I read thy live Description, Tears
 My Checks bedew; and oft, I curse the Times,
 And Taste of Men, who suffer'd thee too long
 Thy Woes so rueful! Had I flourish'd then,
 My Coat, my Shirt, had freely gone to Pawn,
 To purchase *Galligaskins* found for thee.
 Long, very long, may I th' Affliction 'scape!
 And Cash or Credit find t'appear Abroad,
 Decent in Dress! ne'er may my leathern Bag,
 Or silken Purse, a splendid Shilling want.
 Twice ten fair Pieces, Residue of Cash
 By generous *Stair*, on Fav'rite Bard bestow'd,
 Enrich'd my Fob, and cheer'd the grateful Muse,
 When whilom *Killingsworth*, with Art ingenious,
 Doctor'd my Shoe---*Homer* had ne'er so much!
 A Sterling Pound how rare the Poet's Boast,
 In Iron Age!
 But stop, my Muse thy Course digressive here;
 By Episode, unwearied, hurried far,
 Joyous, I turn to hail the *Cobler's* Art,
 And, in my Verse, emblaze his proper Acts,
 Momentuous! May I ne'er debase the Theme!
 O cou'd my Muse pursue th' Example bright!
 As well-beat Leather, strong shou'd be my Sense,
 And sharp, as Awls, my Wit. His hempen Threads
 No surer stitch the Chasms of broken Soles,
 Than my Connexion, nervous, firm my Strains,
 And fit my Labours for eternal Use.
 But I, alas! at Distance far unskill'd,
 Copy the Pattern of great *Killingsworth*,

Unri-

Unrivall'd *Cobler* ! what *Physician* fam'd,
Arbuthnot, *Mead*, or *Sloan*, with like Success,
 Can cure the human Body, spent wth Toil,
 Or worn with Age ? Well were it for the Town,
 Could'st thou, *St. Andre*, of upstart Fame !
 Or thou, *ODouglas*, dislocated Bones
 Rejoin, secure ; or broken Limbs restore
 To pristine Soundness ; as ingenious He,
 Sudden and cheap, renews decrepid Shoes,
 Or stops an Orifice with leathern Boots !
 Thou *R---n*, vers'd in *Ruptures* by Receipt,
 And deem'd a Doctor for thy Want of Skill,
 Why rid'st thou in gilt Chariot, while a-Foot
 Great *Killingsworth*, in Art and Virtue grey,
 Is doom'd, alas ! to trudge it all in Rags ?
 Well for the Church, that *Wake* and *Headly* fam'd,
 By his Example, and unerring Method,
 Cou'd cure the wounded Consciences of Men,
 And heal the Souls of Sinners ; direful Case !
 But, O how bless'd, how happy were the Realm,
 Did *Statesmen* learn of *Killingsworth* to act,
 Preserve the Peace, and hoard no ill-got Wealth !
 But *George's* Reign, like old *Saturnian* Times,
 Screens no malignant Mind, no Practice vile.
 Thee, *Killingsworth*, no Subtlety, perverts,
 No Vanity, no Pride inflames. Thy Stall,
 Sweet Seat ! is void of Envy, Cares, and Strife.
 There fittest thou, arm'd with Hammer, Lench, and
 Awl,
 Within pacifick Walls enthron'd, and pleas'd :

So,

So, in his Tub, *Diogenes* was wont
To scorn the World, and feast on calm Content.

Why, O my Stars, was I not bred a Cobler?
A Trade unfordid! tricking Mortals, learn
To cobble Shoes, and let the World grow good.
Ye Jobbers, *Jews*, and Brokers, O be taught
To deal upright, as *Killingsworth* directs
By Pattern honest. Let Attorneys quit
Their Pettifogging Arts, and leave Mankind
To follow Nature, Equity's great Friend.
Justice, and Law, and Peace, are best maintain'd
By Reason plain and pure. These, ever sound,
No Cobbling Need; or few but Sages wise
In good Repair to keep the Commonweal.

O Happiness of humble State and Rank!
Sweet Industry, the Child of sacred Virtue!
How bless'd is Life, sequester'd from the Town,
Where one eternal Round of Hurry reigns.
In humble Greatness *Killingsworth* grows old,
Happy, and useful to his Neighb'ring Swains,
A loyal Subject, and a Churchman true!
Yet both by Chance—for he's above Design:
Assur'd that bold Enquiry might disturb
His Halcyon Ease, and Primitive Repose.
Whatever Mischief happens on the Earth,
In his Asylum, 'midst his Tools envelopt,
Safe, he remains, and unconcern'd, is blest!
So while rough Thunder rends the dark'ning Clouds,
And dreadful Bolts their furious Forces waste
On tow'ring Hills, the humble Plain, secure,

Mocks

Mocks the loud Roar, and Heav'n's Artillery 'scapes.

Were I to have my Choice (but ah! my Stars
Look with ill Aspect, and deny my Wish,)
Near *Iver's* Streams, of Waters most Supreme!
A Residence I'd chuse: best boon of Heav'n!
Such *Cobler's-Hall* delectable appears,
Rare Product of ingenious Skill and Toil
Of *Killingworth*, Sire to the boasted Man,
Whom fain my Muse wou'd imitate and praise.
But me, alas, but me, an humble Bard,
An humbler House may please. A narrow Room
May serve my Rank: But let me have it neat,
And clean, ye Gods, tho' but one Chair, or Stool,
Stand by th' Table---and let Sheets be savoury,
And Landlady not fluttish, nor severe.
Then shou'd my Years, in grateful Circle, rowl;
And fair shou'd be my Character and Fame,
Fair as the new-fall'n Snow, or whiter Skin
Of Curate's Daughter, *Jane*, an *Iver* Toast!
Tho' to adorn my Head, no Bays arise,
The peaceful Olive shou'd content my Mind.
Oft wou'd I drown dull Thoughts in homely Ale
Of Country *Vicar*. Oft with honest Swains,
On quaint Expreffions and Conundrums keen,
I'd whiff Tobacco, grateful fuming Herb.

'Twould do one good to see how I, ev'n I,
Bred on *Parnassus'* Summit, condescend,
In Stall of *Killingworth*, to low Chit-chat,
And, greatly humble, finger Threads and Wax,
And Awl, like one in Arts of Cobling skill'd!
We God-like Minds disdain not abject State,

By Virtue blest'd ; and are the more rever'd,
The less tremendous we appear to Mortals.

And, oh ! how charming there, with antient Times,
Oft to converse ! Thy Trumpet, *Homer*, now,
Now, *Ovid's* Lute, shou'd vary my Delight.
Thy Judgment *Maro*, and the sterling Wit
Of *Horace*, favourite Bard ! shou'd raise my Mind
To Rapture. And, when modern Names invite,
Buchanan, deathless Bard ! shou'd first engage
My Reverence : *Shakespeare*, *Spencer*, *Milton*, next ;
Nor Thee, harmonious *Cowley*, wou'd I slight,
Nor *Dryden*, thee : no better Strains I'd court,
Nor better cou'd I find. Sometimes my self,
By these inspir'd, wou'd string the gentle Lyre,
Perhaps awake the Trumpet, and sublime
My Strains, to Heav'n and to my Country due !

Thus wou'd I live, prepar'd for all Events
Of Fortune, and for Change or Loss of Friends ;
For all below is vain, as Shadows fleet.
And when my merry Years and Days are gone,
(For Piety itself cannot withstand
Th' Approach of wrinkled Age, and certain Death,)
I'd keep at Home, solicitous to drop
Like Autumn Fruit, well-mellow'd, to the Earth,
My Kindred, and maternal Clay ! at Peace
With Heav'n, my Conscience, and Mankind, at once.
Yet would I die before my Senses fail,
E'er I grow irksome to my self and Friends,
Without the Ceremony of a *Priest*,
Or Form of a *Physician*. Rather may

My

My Relatives invite to my Bed-side
Sage *Killingworth*, to witness how I leave
The World by him despis'd !

When under Turf or Stone my Corpse is laid,
(Both equal to me then !) I shall not care,
Nor know, what Men say of my Works and me.
Words are but Wind, in *Latin* or in *Greek*.
Yet for the Satisfaction of the Few,
Who wish my Memory well, may what is said
Be good, tho' little: I'd have honest Fame,
However small ! and let my latest Friends
My sacred Bones deposite in the Ile,
To *Bards* devoted ; and a decent Tomb,
Near * *Philips*, raise, with Epitaph deserv'd,
And rank'd among the deathless Sons of Fame.

The VICAR and WAGGONER.
A Sunday's Conversation.

THUS to his Parish *Waggoner*, a *Priest*
His Soul's Resentment zealously address'd—
“ How long, how long shall I beseech in vain ?
“ How long of thy malignant Course complain ?
“ Say what I can, thou with uplifted Hand,
“ Wilt drive thy Waggon thro' the Fourth Command.
“ O worse than *Jew*, or *Infidel*, or *Turk*,
“ Why, why, on *Sunday's*, dost thou dare to work !
“ Hop'st thou for Heav'n ? ”—The *Waggoner* said, Ay,
If there's no wicked Turnpike in the Way.

* The Monument of Mr. *John Philips* in *Westminster-Abbey*.

" Turnpike! (enrag'd the *holy Man* reply'd)
 " 'Tis full of Turnpikes, and of Thorns beside.
 " Yea, 'tis a narrow Path, a rugged Road "----
 Then, Sir, 'tis worse than e'er my Cattle trod :
 Better to keep the Way, that's beat and broad.
 " I tell Thee, *Waggoner*, the beaten Path,
 " However easy, leads to certain Death.
 I ne'er found that : but, Sir, what Toll's to pay ?
 " The Toll, (reply'd the *Priest*) is *fast and pray*.
 I cant afford to *fast* ; I can't indeed----
 " Then you'll be damn'd, as sure as there's a Creed.
 Ay, marry, rather than be fool'd by *Priests*
 To *starve* my self, and *jade* my worthy Beasts.

NED WEALTHY'S *last Will*.

SInce all Men must, return to Dust,
 From which they first did spring :
 I give my Gear, from Debts quite clear
 In Manner following.

But lest hot Broils, and endless Toils,
 'Bout my Effects arise ;
 Half to my *Sue*, Half to my *Prue*,
 I frankly here devise.

My thrice soal'd Shoes, my *Sunday Hose*,
 A Jacket made of Leather ;
 An old straw Bed that serv'd poor *Ned*,
 In boisterous stormy Weather.

A Pottage Pot, my Grannum bought,
Whilom of Neighbour *Stitch* ;
A great arm'd Chair, so soft with Hair,
'Twou'd suit a Lady's Breech.

My crop-ear'd Dog, my bob-tail'd Hog,
A Pound of black Sheep's Wool ;
An Ax and Saw, an old Jackdaw,
A crazy three legg'd Stool.

A trundle Mop, a Mutton-Chop,
A Quart of *Holland's* Gin ;
Two Candlesticks, a Bunch of Leeks,
A Pisspot made of Tin.

Some Pitch and Tar, an earthen Jar,
A Milk-Pail, Seive, and Platter ;
Two Birchen Brooms to sweep your Rooms ;
An antient Nutmeg-grater.

A Knife and Fork, some pickled Pork ;
Wou'd tempt a very *Jew* ;
All these I leave and frankly give
Unto my Daughter *Sue*.

The *Fairy Tales*, some Horse-Shoe Nails,
The Book of *Common Prayer* :
A leathern Bag, a leaky Cag,
Two Quarts of dead small Beer.

Some

Some purging Pills to cure Kibe-Heels.

And 'gainst sore Toes to arm you ;

Some rotten Wood, that's very good,

In Winter Time to warm you.

A Christ'ning Can, a close stool Pan,

A Cupboard, Cock, and Cradle,

An Oaken Staff, a lousy Calf,

A long Sword, Lock and Ladle.

Your Mother's Ring, that cursed Thing,

Which ruin'd me long since,

Besides the Rest, I gave the Priest,

It cost me Eighteen Pence.

A rotten Cheese, a Pint of Pease,

An old grey Mare with one Eye ;

Some Barley Bread, some Mustard Seed,

And fifteen Pence in Money.

Now to conclude, as I've bestow'd,

My whole Estate among you,

Pray Daughters dear, always take care,

Your Neighbours never wrong you.

Be therefore kind, and of one Mind,

In nought but Goodness vie ;

Regard, your Dad spoke this when bad,

And just about to die.

E. W.

The

The great Sin of eating Eggs and Bacon.

*A French Gentleman dining with some Company
on a Fast-Day, call'd for some Bacon and Eggs.
The rest were very angry, and reprov'd him
for so heinous a Sin: Whereupon he writ the
following Lines extempore.*

PEUT on croire avec bon sens
Qu'un lardon le mit en colere;
Ou, que manager un harang
C'est un secret pour luy plaire?
En sa gloire envelopé
Songe t'il bien de nos soupé?

In English by Dean SWIFT.

WHO can believe, with common Sense,
A Bacon-slice gives God Offence!
Or, how a Herring hath a Charm
Almighty Anger to disarm?
Wrapt up in Majesty divine,
Does he regard on what we dine?

*Drunken TOBY; or the longest Way round
about, the shortest Way home.*

AS Sir Toby reel'd home, with his Skin full of Wine,
To his House in the Square, from his Friends at
the Vine.

He

He snuff'd the fresh Air, and his Noddle turn'd round ;
 He stagger'd---but gain'd not an Inch of his Ground.
 Get home ! quoth the Knight : why, this never can do ?
 If for one Step gain'd forward, I backward reel two !
 I'll return to the *Vine*.---So, as one may suppose,
 Sir *Toby* intended to follow his Nose.
 But this retrograde Knight ne'er alter'd his Pace,
 And gaining Ground backwards, found out the right
 place :
 The Sot's Mathematicks at length did prevail,
 And Sir *Toby* steer'd home by the help of his Tail.

A bold Stroke for a WIFE.

A SONG.

ON Courting I went to my Love,
 Who's sweeter than Roses in *May*,
 But when I got to her, by *Jove*,
 The Devil a Word could I say.

I walk'd with her into the Garden,
 There fully resolv'd to woo her,
 But may I ne'er be worth a Farthing,
 If of Love I said any thing to her.

But I ask'd her which way was the Wind,
 For I thought on some talk I must enter,
 Why, Sir, (she made Answer and grinn'd)
 Have you sent all your Wits for a Venture ?

That

That I look'd like a Fool—you'll allow,
As often I have done before,
But, meaning my Courage to show,
I—look'd like a Fool once more.

I press'd her Hand close to my Breast,
Then my Heart was as light as a Feather;
Yet nothing I said, I protest,
But, Madam, 'tis mighty fine Weather.

To an Arbour I her did attend,
Then she ask'd me to sit me down by her,
But I crept to the furthest End,
For I was afraid to come nigh her.

The Devil was in me, 'tis plain,
For wanting some thing to amuse me,
Instead of revealing my Pain,
I unluckily humm'd out—*Excuse me.*

Next I follow'd her into the House,
And vow'd, I my Fortune wou'd try,
But there was I mute as a Mouse;
Oh! what a dull Booby was I?

The TAYLOR Triumphant.
A SONG.

OF all the Professions that are in the City,
Which in Ballads have shone either stupid or
witty,

The best, I am certain, a Taylor's can fit ye.

Which No-body can deny.

All other Professions to ruin are prone,
Excepting the Gentleman Taylor's alone,
To be out at the Elbows, he never was known!

Which No-body &c.

When sad Revolutions the State hath oppress'd,
Amidst the Confusion the Taylor lives blest,
For his Coat he can turn, to the Side he likes best.

In such Times when Free-Booters do wait to trapan,
The Taylor give Trouble to No-body can,
For No-body fears the ninth Part of a Man.

How happy might ev'ry Man be with his Lot,
Wou'd he mind the Example the Taylor had taught,
According to cloath, for to cut out his Coat.

Over too many People their *Faults* have command,
And who tries to amend 'em, may be at a stand,
—But a Taylor is always on the *mending* Hand.

Whigs are hated by *Tories*, and envied to boot,
In praise of a Tory a Whig Sir is mute,
While a Taylor both sides of the Question doth suit.

Our Lives are but *Spans*—but the Taylor hath far'd
Much better than us—and indeed 'twou'd be hard
If his Life was not longest—who lives by the *Yard*.

A Lawyer will stretch out your Suit by Degrees
An immoderate length, for the sake of his Fees,
But a Taylor will clip it—as short as you please.

Which no-Body can deny.

The Dainty Dish; or a Quality Mess. Being,

A rare Receipt, quite scalding new.

To make a Mess of French Ragou.

By the D—— of N——c——'s COOK

JUST after you've din'd, take a Dish, that is large
And into't, what you have just eaten, discharge,
Then, get all the rest, that are at the Table,
To spew in the same, as long as they're able
Let 'em strain very hard till all is brought up :
For, the more Spew there is, the better the Soop.
Break the Lumps undigested, and thick clotted Stuff :
Strain all thro' a Hankerchief snotty with Snuff.
Add a Pint, or a Quart of tough, yellow Phlegm,
From a Cough, that is rotten, hawk'd up with a—hem
Then, a Pint of strong Liquor, from very sore Legs,
Beat up, in a Dish, with a few rotten Eggs,
Stew these in a Bed-Pan, just warm from a Bum ;
And stir it about, with your Finger and Thumb.

Then,

Then, to this Decoction, put the Spices that follow :--
 Some Cloves newly taken from Teeth that are hollow ;
 Some Scabs from a Scald-Head,--some Sweat from the
 Toes,—
 Some Quids from the Mouth,—and some Plugs from,
 the Nose.

But, first, the Scabs moisten, the Quids and the Plugs,
 With the Juice of fore Eyes, and the Liquor of Bugs,
 Season all with an Onion, pull'd from a fore Ear,—
 Corruption and all ;—if it is not too clear.

Then add Cabbage-Leaves taken off from a Blister ;
 With a large liquid Stool, procur'd by a Clifter.

Then, put in the *Pipe*, that is just taken out,—
 If best,—t, 'tis the better, —and stir it about.

And, instead of your Lemons, and Oranges *Seville*,
 Squeeze in a Childs T--d, that has got the King's-Evil.
 But,—if you wou'd have it *exceedingly nice*,—

Add, of Ear-Wax an Ounce, from the Head three-
 score Lice.

And, still, an Improvement is made to the Dish,
 If you add thereunto a few bits of proud-Flesh.

But a few, fine, from Pease, newly squeez'd from old
 Issues,

By all is agreed, make it vastly delicious.

And, if you wou'd have it still thinner, than this ;
 Dilute, to your Taste, with a little Cat's Piss.

Miso-Monsieur-magirus.

F I N I S.



THE
Muse's Vagaries;
OR, THE
MERRY MORTAL'S
COMPANION.

CONSISTING OF

*Facetious Tales,
Satirical Jokes,
Diverting Letters,
Comical Songs,*

*Humorous Epigrams,
Whimsical Wills,
Epitaphs, &c.
&c. &c. &c.*

The whole calculated to create Mirth and good Humour; to cure the Spleen and expel Vapours; drive away Sorrow; and increase the Diversion of all the Merry Fellows, Honest Hearts, and Jovial Souls round about the Wrekin.

B Y

Sir SOLOMON GUNDY, Knt.

A N D

MARGERY MERRYPIN, Spinster.

*Content is Wealth, the Riches of the Mind;
And happy he who can that Treasure find!*

DRYDEN.

Begone my Cares; I give you to the Winds.

ROW.

P A R T II.

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T H E



THE
Muse's Vagaries ;
OR, THE
MERRY MORTAL'S
COMPANION.

PART. II.

A WINTER'S JOURNEY to Preach.



THE Clock struck Eight, the Morn-
ing clear'd,
The Coffee drank, the Coach ap-
pear'd ;
To Reedham bound, a dirty Road,
A Stomach sick, with hyppish Load ;
A jumbling Coach, the Horses bad,
And every Thing to make me sad ;

PART II.

B

Had

Had not a chearful Friend or two
 Engag'd the Journey to pursue.
 At length, arriv'd at *Reedham-Green*,
 No Church-bell heard, no Mortal seen;
 A Church-Yard bleak, near wa'try Swamp,
 A dirty Church, a Surplice damp,
 A Reading Desk, extremely cold,
 A Pulpit dusty, weak, and old,
 A Prayer-Book in old-print Letter,
 A Bible, rather worse than better;
 A Congregation, great and small,
 Made up but few poor Souls in all;
 Three antient Dames, with wither'd Faces,
 Sat fast asleep in lower Places;
 Two Grey-Head Dons, with Gloves on Pate,
 Sat just above, in nodding State;
 One Maiden fair, with yellow Knot,
 'The only Primrose of the Spot.
 The rest were chiefly Farmers Men,
 Who star'd and listen'd now and then.
 A bearded Clerk that sings or says,
 But poorly vers'd in Musick's Lays,
 A Psalm up-rear'd in jingling Notes,
 Contriv'd for *Sol-fa* growling Throats;
 In broken Tunes, now in, now out,
 'Twas all confus'd, like Rebel's Rout.
 Then came the Sermon, long and dull,
 Adapted right to Clodpate's Skull.
 Some gap'd, some slept, one sober Lad
 Beneath his Arm a Bible had:

This learned Youth had Wit enough,
To search the Doctor's Scripture-Proof:
He sat demure, with aukward Face,
And doubled down the quoted Place.

The Service done, no Dinner near,
A Mile, at least, to cup and chear;
Churchwarden *Hog*, not seen at Church,
Left hungry Parson in the Lurch.
Sir *Crape* look'd blue, the rest look'd pale,
For want of something to regale.
A further Drive, from marshy Down,
To reach the *Swan* at *Norton* Town.
There (glorious Sight!) with great good Luck,
Before the Stomach-Hour had struck,
A Loin of Veal, in lordly Dish,
And *Eggs* and *Bacon*, Traveller's Wish,
Allay'd the Grumblers of the Day,
And rais'd our Spirits up so gay,
We there sat down content and snug,
With Wine, and Ale, and Cyder Mug.
Nature refresh'd in chearful Way,
We drank, and pledg'd, and call'd to pay.
The Coachman wheel'd the *Hadscoc* round,
And brought us Home all safe and sound.

Reedham, farewell! thou starving Soil,
Not worth a Preacher's Charge or Toil,
Thy Gift but Shillings ten,---fifteen I spent
Was ever Priest on such an Errand sent;
Thro' Dirt and Wet, thro' Cold and Hunger keen
To teach sad Boors on *Ignoramus* Green.

*The LADY'S COMPLAINT ; or, Dean
SWIFT at Sir ARTHUR ACHESON's in
the North of Ireland.*

THE Dean wou'd visit Market-Hill,
Our Invitation was but slight,
I said, why let him if he will,
And so I bid Sir *A—r* write.

His Manners would not let him wait,
Left we should think ourselves neglected ;
And so we saw him at our Gate
Three Days before he was expected.

After a Week, a Month, a Quarter,
And Day succeeding after Day,
Says not a Word of his Departure,
Tho' not a Soul would have him stay.

I've said enough to make him blush,
Methinks, or else the Devil's in't ;
But he cares not for it a Rush,
Nor for my Life will take the Hint.

But you, my Dear, may let him know,
In civil Language, if he stays,
How deep and foul the Roads may grow,
And that he may command the Chaise.

Or

Or you may say— my Wife intends,
Tho' I should be exceeding proud,
This Winter to invite some Friends,
And Sir, I know, you hate a Crowd.

Or, Mr. Dean—I should with Joy
Beg you would here continue still,
But we must go to *Aghnacloy* ;
Or Mr. *M—r* will take it ill.

The House Accounts are daily rising.
So much his Stay does swell the Bills ;
My dearest Life it is surprising,
How much he eats, how much he swills.

His Brace of Puppies * how they stuff,
And they must have three Meals a Day,
Yet never think they get enough ;
His Horses too eat all our Hay.

Oh! If I could, how I would maul
His Tallow-Face and Wainscot Paws.
His Beetle-Brows and Eyes of Wall,
And make him soon give up the Cause.

Must I be every Moment chid
With skinny, boney, snip and lean,
Oh! that I could but once be rid
Of this insulting Tyrant Dean !

* The Dean's two Servants.

A true DREAM.

I Dreamt;--my Dear; (quoth *Ralph* to *Joan*,
 One Morning as they lay alone)
 I can't help laughing, Faith!—I dreamt,
 Our Neighbour *Charles* was impotent.
 There is no Truth in Dreams (says *Joan* ;))
 And whilst I live I'll credit none.—
 But afterward (quoth *Ralph*) I dreamt,
 For all that he was impotent,
 He got in Bed, my Dear, to thee :
 And made a Shift to cuckold me.—
 Good lack ! (cry'd *Joan*) I never knew
 A Dream before that happen'd true.

*The IRISH POSSET, or the Lady reconciled
 to Tobacco.*

A T A L E.

HAIL *Raleigh* ! venerable Shade,
 Accept this Tribute humbly paid,
 Great Patron of the sailing Crew,
 Kindly except these Honours due
 To thee we owe our Country's Wealth,
 And smirking Glee, and lusty Health.
 From Ashes white as driven Snow,
 Tobacco Clouds, 'tis what we owe,

In fragrant Wreaths ascend the Sky
To thee, the Smoaker's Deity.

Immortal Weed ! all-heeling Plant !
Possessing thee we nothing want.
Assistant Chief to Country Vicar,
Next to his Concordance and Liquor ;
If Text obscure perplex his Brain,
He scratches, thinks, but all in vain,
Till lighted Pipe's prevailing Ray,
Like *Phæbus*, drives the Fog away.

Concomitant of *Cambro Briton*,
(If I a Rhime, for that cou'd hit on)
Content with thee, he'll bare-Foot trudge it,
His Hoes and Shoes fast bound in Budget,
Bleak blow the Winds, thick fall the Snows,
With thee he Warms his dripping Nose,
Then scrubs and Puffs, and on he goes.

With thee, dear Partner of his Ale,
The Justice grave prolongs his Tale ;
And fast a sleep does wisely prate us,
Whilst sober Whiff fills each *Hiatus*.

With thee, but hark'ee, says a Friend,
Tom, will thy Preface never End ?
We want the Tale, you promis'd us,
The Tale, d'ye want ? then take it thus :

Buxoma was a Banker's Widow,
Frolick and free as good Queen *Dido* ;
For now twelve Months were past and gone,
Since Spouse lay cover'd with a Stone.

At first, indeed, for Fashion's Sake,
 She must not rest asleep, or wake;
 The wretched'st Woman sure alive,
 The best of Husbands to survive.
 O had she dy'd (but 'twas to late!)
 To save her Deeree from his Fate.
 Poor ten *per Cent*! his Hour was come,
 E'er he had half made up his Plumb,
 You'd swear she'd learnt to mourn at School;
 She sigh'd by Note, and wept by Rule.
 The Neighbours saw't; and who but she
 For conjugal Sincerity!

But now the Farce was o'er, she saw
 'Twas Time the Vizard to withdraw.
 The sable Weeds, are thrown aside,
 No more she wrung her Hands and cry'd;
 But gay at all Assemblies shone,
 And—who was blest that lay alone?
 The Charms of Forty Thousand Pound
 Drew from each Quarter all around,
 The Templer spruce, and formal Citt,
 'The Man of War, and Man of Wit.
 The last indeed despair'd to win her,
 Yet still pursu'd her for a Dinner:
 For Madam's Gate, or she's bely'd,
 Stood ever hospitably wide.
 Good Beef and Mutton grac'd her Table,
 And who eat most she judg'd most able.
 The Cloth remov'd, the Board was spread,
 With Choice of Wine, both White and Red,

Pipes and Tobacco next appear,
And Tapers bright bring up the Rear.
Now by the by, Sir, you must know,
Our Widow whilom made a Vow,
Tho' Age and Ugliness o'ertook her,
Never to wed with filthy Smoaker :
And therefore slyly laid a Plot
To try who smoak'd, and who did not.

Unhappy State of human kind !
To future Evils ever blind !
The gilded Pill we rashly swallow,
Nor heed what Bitterness may follow,
This to make out and eke my Tale,
Our Lovers smoak'd it one and all,
Unthinking of th' impending Doom,
And spicey Whiffs perfum'd the Room :
When strait the Widow *Sans* excuse,
Their Offers bluntly did refuse.
Thus had she pack'd off Lovers plenty,
Some say a Dozen, others Twenty ;
And now began to fear, I trow,
Lest she were hamper'd in her Vow.
When lo ! A Swain of *Irish* Race
With Back of Steel, and front of Brass,
Resolv'd *Buxoma* to assail,
And wisely, that he might not fail,
Struck in with Mistress *Abigail's*.
Now *Abigail's*, the learned say,
To Lady's Hearts can pave the Way ;

PART II.

C

The

The Jade, unable to resist
 Five Pieces clapt in Lilly First,
 Betray'd (a mercenary Whore !)
 The Vow I told you of before,
 And *Mac* succeeds in his Amour.
 He wou'd not smoke, to save his Life,
 Prais'd the good Taste of *Paul's* Wife ;
 " Tobacco, Fogh ! he cou'd not bear it.
 " Filthy Concomitant of Claret.

}

Our Widow chuckled here to find
 At last a Lover to her Mind ;
 And strait an honest Parson got
 To tye the matrimonial Knot.
 Here, to be short, the Wedding-Day
 Was eat, and drank, and danc'd away ;
 The wishing Guests the Stocking threw,
 Jested a While, and then withdrew.
 When loud the Groom began to roar,
 And bang his Slipper 'gainst the Floor,
 —Here bring a Pipe—A Pipe, she cry'd !—
 " Nay do not fret, good angry Bride,
 " For I must smoke, or else—my Dear.
 (Then whisper'd something in her Ear)
 " 'Tis true by Heaven ! My former Spouse
 " Lov'd to see Pipes come into th' House".
 With wistful Eye, poor Madam view'd
 Her dear Deceiver, thought him rude ;
 Yet Silent lay, in sad Suspense,
 Waiting the happy Consequence.

Which,

Which. Authors say, she did not miss ;
The Pipe was out, an eager Kiss
Preluded to th' ensuing Bliss.

}

He smok'd a Second, and a Third,
Nay, and a Fourth too ('tis aver'd,)
And still the well experienc'd Dame
Found the yet wish'd Effect the same.
Some have affirm'd, he was so stout
To take a fifth e'er he gave out.
What yet again, the Devil's in thee.
Nat! Fetch the Pound of *Sly's Virginia*,
All the new Pipes, and a fresh Light,
Your Master says he'll smoak all Night.

*The ENGLISH WIFE; or, the Petticoat
Prerogative. A TALE.*

SOME Husbands, on a Winter's-Day,
Were met to laugh their Spleen away,
As Wine flows in, and Spirits rise,
They praise their Consorts to the Skies.
Obedient Wives are seldom known,
Yet all could Answer for their own,
Acknowledg'd each as Sovereign Lord,
Abroad, at Home, indeed and Word :
In short as absolute their Reign, as
Grand Seignior's over his Sultanas.
For Pride, or Shame to be out-done,
All join'd in the Discourse, but one.

Who, vex'd so many Lies to hear,
 Thus stops their arrogant Career.
 'Tis mighty strange, Sirs, what you say,
 What! all so absolutely sway?
 In *England!* Where *Italians* wife
 Have plac'd the Women's Paradise?
 In *London!* Where the Sexes flower
 Have of that *Eden* fix'd the Bower?
 Fie! Men of Sense to be so vain;
 You're not in *Turkey*, nor in *Spain*,
 True *Britons* all; I'll lay my Life,
 None here his Master of his Wife.

These Words the general Fury rouse,
 And all the common Cause espouse.
 Till one with Voice superior said,
 (Whose Lungs were sounder than his Head)
 I'll send my Footman instant Home,
 To bid his Mistress hither come;
 And, if she flies not at my Call,
 To own my Power before you all,
 I'll grant I'm henpeck'd, if you please,
 As *Sh—k*, or as *Socrates*.

Hold there—replies the Objector fly,
 Prove first that Woman never lie;
 Else, Words or Wind—to tell you true,
 I credit neither them, nor you;
 No we'll be judg'd a surer Way,
 By what they do, not what they say.
 I'll hold you severally that boast,
 A Supper at the Loser's Cost,

That

That if you'll but vouchsafe to try
A Trick I'll tell you by and by,
Send strait for every Wife quite round,
One Mother's Daughter is not found,
But what before her Husband's Face
Point blank his Orders disobey.
To this, they one and all consent,
The Wager's laid, the Summons went.

Mean while he this Instruction gives,
Pray only gravely tell your Wives,
Your Will and Pleasure is to invite
These Friends to a *boil'd Pig* to Night.
The Commoner the Trick has been,
The greater Chance have you to win,
The Treat is mine, if they refuse ;
But if they boil it, then I lose.

The first, to whom the Message came,
Was a well-born and haughty Dame ;
A saucy independent she,
With Jointure, and with Pin-Money,
Secur'd by Marriage-deeds from Wants,
Without a separate Maintenance.
Her Loftiness disdain'd to hear,
Half through her Husband's Messenger,
But cut him short with—how dare he
'Mong Pot-Companions mention me !
He knows his Way (if sober,) Home,
And if he wants me let him come.—

This Answer, hastily return'd.
Pleas'd all, but him whom it concern'd.

For

For each one thought his Wife on Tryal,
Would brighter shine by this Denial.

The second was a Lady gay,
Who lov'd to visit, dress and play,
To spark it in the Box or Ring,
And dance on Birth-Nights for the King.
Whose Head was busy wont to be
With something else than Cookery.
She hearing of her Husband's Name,
Tho' much a Gentlewoman, came ;
When half inform'd of his Request,
A Dish, as he desir'd it, dress,—
Quoth Madam, with a serious Face,
(Without enquiring what it was)
You can't sure for an Answer look,
Sir, do you take me for your Cook ?
But I must haste a Friend to see,
Who has invited me to 'Tea.
So said, that Minute out she flew.
What could the slighted Husband do ?
His Wager lost, must needs appear ;
For none obey that will not hear.

The next, for Housewifry renown'd,
A Woman notable was own'd,
Who hated Idleness and Airs,
And minded Family Affairs !
Expert in every Thing was she,
At Needle-Work or Surgery :
Fam'd for her Liquors far and near,
From richest Cordials to small Beer :

To serve a Feast she understood,
In *English* or in foreign Mode;
Whate'er the wanton Taste could choose,
In Kickshaws, Sauces, or Ragoos:
She spar'd for neither Cost nor Pain,
Her welcome Guest to entertain.
Her Husbands fair accosts her thus?
To Night these Friends will sup with us.
She answer'd with a smile, my Dear,
Your Friends are always welcome here,
—But we desire a Pig, and pray,
You'll boil it; boil it! did you say?
I hope you'll give me leave to know
My Business better, Sir, than so:
Why ne'er in any Book was yet
Found such a whimsical Receipt:
My dressing none need be afraid of,
But such a Dish was never read of,
I'll roast it nice, but shall not boil it,
Let those who know no better, spoil it:
—Her Husband cry'd, for all my Boast,
I own, the Wager's fairly lost.
And other Wives, beside my Love,
Or I'm mistaken much, may prove
As chargeable as this to me,
To show their Pride in Housewifry.

Now the poor Wretch that next him sat,
Felt his own Heart go pit a Pat:
For well he knew his Spouse's Way,
Her Spirit brook'd not to obey;

And

And never yet was in the Wrong :
 So told her with a trembling Tongue,
 Where, and on what, his Friends would feast,
 And how the Supper should be drest.
 —To Night, quoth (in a Passion) she ?
 No Sir, to Night it cannot be ;
 And was it a boil'd Pig you said ?
 You and your Friends sure are not mad.
 The Kitchen is the proper Sphere,
 Where none but Females should appear,
 And Cooks their Orders, by your leave,
 Always from Mistresses receive.
 Boil it !—was ever such an Ass ?
 I pray, what would you have for sauce ?
 If any Servant in my Pay,
 Dare dress a Pig that silly Way,
 In spite of any Whim of yours,
 I'll turn her quickly out of Doors.
 For such a Thing, (nay never frown)
 Where I am Mistress, shall be done.
 Each Woman wise her Husband rules ;
 Passive Obedience is for Fools.

This Case was quickly judg'd ; behold !
 A fair one of a softer Mold ;
 Good Humour sparkled in her Eye,
 And unaffected Pleasantry :
 So mil'd and sweet she enter'd in,
 Her Spouse thought certainly to win :
 (Pity, such Golden Hopes should fail,)
 Soon as she heard th' appointed Tale

My Dear, I know not I protest,
Whether in earnest or in jest,
So strange a Supper you demand,
Howe'er, I'll not disputing stand,
But do it freely as you bid it,
Prove but that ever Woman did it.
—This Cause, by general Consent,
Was lost for want of Precedent.

Thus each deny'd a several Way ;
But all agreed to disobey.

One only Dame did yet remain,
Who downright honest was, and plain,
If now and then her Voice she tries,
'Tis not for Rule, but Exercise.
Unus'd her Lord's Commands to slight,
Yet sometimes pleading for the Right.
She made her little Wisdom go,
Farther than wiser Women do.
Her Husband tells her, looking grave,
A roasted Pig I boil'd would have ;
And to prevent all Pro and Con,
I must insist to have it done.
Says she, my dearest, should your Wife,
Get a Nick-name to last for Life ;
If you resolve to spoil it ; do,
But then I hope you'll eat it too.
For, tho' 'tis boil'd to hinder Squabble,
I shall not, will not sit at Table.
She spoke, and her good Man alone,
Found he had neither lost nor won.

So fairly parted Stakes: the Rest
 Fell on the Wag that caus'd the Jest,
 "Would your Wife boil it? let us see."
 Hold! here, you did not lay with me.
 You'll find, in spite of all you've boasted,
 Your Pigs are fatted to be roasted.
 The Wager's lost, no more contend;
 But take this Counsel from a Friend.
 Boast not your Empire, if you prize it;
 For happiest he, who never tries it.
 Wives unprovoked best obey,
 And that you'll find the safest Way.
 But if your Dear ones take the Field,
 Resolve at first to win or yield;
 For Heaven no Medium ever gave,
 Between a Sovereign and a Slave.

*The PLAGUE of RICHES; or the happy
 Cobler.*

A T A L E.

YOUR Sage and Moralist can show
 Many Misfortunes here below;
 A Truth which no one ever miss'd,
 Tho' neither Sage nor Moralist:
 Yet all the Troubles notwithstanding,
 Which Fate or Fortune has a Hand in,
 Fools to themselves will more create,
 In spite of Fortune and of Fate.

Thus

Thus oft are dreaming Wretches seen,
Tortur'd with Vapours and the Spleen ;
Transform'd (at least in their own Eyes)
To Glasses, China, or Goose-pies.
Others will to themselves appear
Stone-dead, as *Will* the Conqueror ;
And all the World in vain might strive
To face them down that they're alive.
Unlucky Males with Child will groan,
And sorely dread their lying Down ;
As fearing, that to ease their Pain,
May puzzle Doctor *Chamberlain*.
Imaginary Evils flow,
Merely from want of real Woe ;
And when prevailing Whimsies rise,
As monstrous wild Absurdities
Are, ev'ry Hour, and ev'ry Minute
Found without *Bedlam*, as within it.
Which if you further would have shown,
And Leisure have to read—read on.

There liv'd a Gentleman, possess'd
Of all that Mortals reckon best :
A Seat well-chos'd in wholesome Air,
With Gardens and with Prospects fair :
His Land from Debt and Jointure free ;
His Money never in *South-Sea*,
His Health and Body firm and good,
Tho' past the Hey-Day in his Blood :
His Comfort fair, and good, and kind ;
His Children rising to his Mind :

His Friends ingenuous and sincere ;
 His Honour, nay his Conscience clear,
 He wanted nought of human Bliss,
 But Pow'r to taste his Happiness.

Too poor, alas ! this great Man's Hall
 A merry Cöbler had a Stall ;
 An arch old Wag as e'er you knew,
 With Breeches red, and Jerkin blue :
 Cheerful at working, as at play,
 He sung and whistled Life away :
 When rising Morning glads the Sky,
 Clear as the merry Lark and high ;
 When Ev'ning shades the Landskip veil,
 Late warbling as the Nightingale.
 Tho' Pence came flow, and Trade was ill,
 Yet still he sung, and whistled still ;
 Tho' patch'd his Garb, and coarse his Fare,
 He laugh'd and cast away old Care.

The rich Man view'd, with discontent,
 His tatter'd Neighbour's Merriment ;
 With Envy grudg'd, and pin'd to see
 A Beggar pleasanter than he :
 And, by Degrees, to hate began
 Th' intolerable happy Man ;
 Who haunted him like any Sprite,
 From Morn to Eve, by Day and Night.

It chanc'd as once in Bed he lay,
 When Dreams are true, as break of Day,
 He heard the Cöbler at his Sport,
 Amidst his Music stopping short :

Whe-

Whether his Morning's Draught he took,
Or warming Whiff of wonted Smoke.
The Squire suspected, being shrew'd,
This Silence boded him no Good,
And 'cause he nothing saw nor heard,
A *Machiavilian* Plot he fear'd.
Strait Circumstances crowded plain
To vex and plague his jealous Brain.
Trembling in panic Dread he lies,
With gaping Mouth and staring Eyes;
And straining wistful both his Ears,
He soon perswades himself he hears
One skip and caper up the Stairs,
Sees the Door open quick and knew
His dreaded Foe in red and blue,
Who with a running Jump, he thought,
Leap'd plump directly down his Throat;
Laden with Tackle of his Stall,
Last, Ends, and Hammer, Strap and Awl;
No sooner down, than with a Jerk
He fell to Music, and to Work.
If much he griev'd our *Don* before,
When but o' th' outside of his Door;
How sorely must he now molest,
When got o' th' inside of his Breast!
The waking Dreamer groans and swells,
And Pangs imaginary feels;
Catches and Scraps of Tunes he hears,
For ever ringing in his Ears;

Ill-favour'd Smells his Nose displease,
Mundungus strong, and rotten Cheese :
He feels him, when he draws his Breath,
Or tug the Leather with his Teeth.
Or beat the Sole, or else extend
His Arms to th' utmost of his End,
Enough to crack, when stretch'd so wide,
The Ribs of any mortal Side.
Is there no Method, then, to fly,
This vile intestine Enemy ?
What can be done, in this Condition,
But sending instant for Physician ?

The Doctor having heard the Case,
Burst into Laughter in his Face :
Told him, he needs no more than rise,
Open his Windows, and his Eyes ;
Whistling and stitching there to see
The Cocker, as he us'd to be.
Sir, quoth the Patient, your Pretences
Shall ne'er persuade me from my Senses.
How shall I rise, the heavy Brute
Will hardly let me wag a Foot,
Tho' feeling for Belief may go,
Yet feeling is the Truth, you know :
I feel him in my Sides, I tell ye ;
Had you a Cocker in your Belly,
You scarce would flee as now you do :
I doubt your Guts would grumble too.
Still do you laugh ? I tell you, Sir,
I'd kick you soundly, could I stir,

Thou Quack, that never hadst Degree
In either University :
Thou meer Licentiate, without Knowledge,
The Shame and Scandal of the College.
I'll call my Servants if you stay !
So, Doctor, scamper while you may.

One thus dispatch'd, a second came,
Of equal Skill and greater Fame :
Who swore him mad as a *March Hare*.
(For Doctors, when provok'd, will swear.)
To drive such Whimsies from his Pate,
He dragg'd him to the Window strait.
But jilting Fortune can devise,
To baffle and outwit the Wise :
The Cocker, e're expos'd to view,
Had just pull'd of his Jerkin blue ;
Not dreaming 'twould his Neighbour hurt,
To sit in *fresco* in his Shirt.
Ah ! quoth the Patient, with a Sigh,
You know him not so well as I ;
The Man who down my Throat is run,
Has got a true-blue Jerkin on.
In vain the Doctor rav'd and tore,
Argu'd and fretted, stamp'd and swore ;
Told him he might believe as well,
The Giant of *Pantagruel*
Did oft, as break his fast or sup,
For poach'd Eggs swallow Windmills up ;
Or that the *Holland* Dame could bear
A Child, for ev'ry Day i' th' Year.

The vapour'd Dotard, grave and fly,
Mistook for Truth each rapping Lye ;
And drew Conclusions such as these,
Resistless, from the Premisses.
I hope, my Friends, you'll grant me all,
A Windmil's bigger than a Stall :
And since the Lady brought alive
Children three hundred sixty five ;
Why should you think there is not Room
For one poor Cobler in my Womb ?
Thus every Thing his Friends could say
The more confirm'd him in his Way ,
Farther convinc'd, by what they tell,
'Twas certain, 'tho' impossible.

Now worse and worse his piteous State
Was grown, and almost desperate :
Yet still the utmost bent to try,
Without more Help he would not die.
An old Phyfician, sly and shrewd,
With Management of Face endu'd,
Heard all his Tale ; and ask'd, with care
How long the Cobler had been there ?
Noted distinctly what was said ;
Lift up his Eyes, and shook his Head,
And grave accosts him on this Fashion,
After mature Deliberation,
With serious and important Face :
Sir, yours is an uncommon Case :
'Tho' I've read *Galen* o'er and o'er,
I never met with it before ;

Nor have I found the like Disease
 In Stories of *Hippocrates*.
 Then, after a convenient Stay,
 Sir, if Prescription you'll obey,
 My Life for yours, I'll set you free
 From this same two-legg'd Tympany.
 'Tis true, you're gone beyond the Cure
 Of fam'd Worm-Powder of *John Moore* ;
 Besides, if downwards he be sent,
 I fear he'll split your nether Vent :
 But then your Throat, you know, is wide,
 And scarcely clos'd, since it was try'd ;
 The same Way he got in, 'tis plain,
 There's room to fetch him out again :
 I'll bring the forked Worm away,
 Without a *Dysenteria* :
Emeticks strong will do the Feat,
 If taken *quantum sufficit*.
 I'll see myself the proper Dose,
 And then *Hypnoticks* to compose.
 The Wretch, tho' languishing and weak,
 Reviv'd already by the *Greek*,
 Cries, what to learn'd a Man as you
 Prescribes, dear Doctor, I shall do.
 The Vomit speedily was got,
 The Cobler sent for to the Spot.
 And taught to manage the Deceit,
 And not his Doublet to forget.

But first the Operator wife,
Over the sight a Bandage ties :
For Vomits always strain the Eyes.
Courage ! I'll make you disembugue,
Spight of his Teeth, th' unlucky Rogue ;
I'll drench the Rascal, never fear,
And bring him up, or drown him there.
Warm Water down he makes him pour,
'Till his stretch'd Guts could hold no more ;
Which doubly swell'n, as you may think,
Both with the Cobler, and the Drink,
What they receiv'd against the Grain,
Soon paid with Int'rest back again.
Here comes his Tools ! he can't be long
Without his Hammer and his Thong.
The Cobler humour'd what was spoke,
And gravely carry'd on the Joke ;
As he heard nam'd each Single Matter,
He chuck'd it soufe into the Water ;
And then, not to be seen as yet,
Behind the Door made his Retreat.
The sick Man now takes breath a-while,
Strength to recruit for farther Toil.
Unblinded he, with joyful Eyes,
The Tackle floating there espies ;
Fully convinc'd within his Mind,
The Cobler could not stay behind ;
Who to the Ale-House still would go,
Whene'er he wanted Work to do :

Nor could he like his present Place,
He ne'er lov'd Water in his Days.
At length he takes a second Bout,
Enough to turn him inside out ;
With Vehemence so sore he strains,
As would have split another's Brains.
Ay! here the Cobler comes, I swear !
(And truth it was for he was there.)
And, like a rude ill-manner'd Clown,
Kick'd, with his Foot, the Vomit down.
The Patient, now grown wond'rous Light,
Whipp'd off the Napkin from his Sight ;
Briskly lift up his Head, and knew
The Breeches and the Jerkin hue :
And smil'd to hear him grumbling say,
As down the Stairs he ran his away
He'd ne'er set Foot within his Door,
And jump down open Throats no more :
No ; while he liv'd, he'd ne'er again
Run, like a Fox, down the red Lane.

Our Patient thus, his Inmate gone,
Cur'd of the Crotchets in his Crown,
Joyful his Gratitude expresses,
With thousand Thanks, and hundred Pieces,
And thus, with much of Pains and Cost,
Regain'd the Health he never lost.

The M O R A L.

TAUGHT by long Miseries, we find
Repose is seated in the Mind ;

*And most Men soon or late have own'd,
 'Tis there, or no where, to be found.
 This real Wisdom timely knows,
 Without Experience of the Woes;
 Nor needs instructive Smart, to see,
 That all on Earth is Vanity.
 Loss, Disappointment, Passion, Strife,
 Whate'er torments, or troubles Life,
 Tho' groundless, grievous in its Stay,
 'Twill shake our Tenements of Clay,
 When past, as nothing we esteem;
 And Pain like Pleasure's but a Dream.*

A COVENT-GARDEN PASTORAL.

THE *Midnight Justice*, now devoid of Care,
 Began to slumber in his Elbow-Chair:
 Long had he wak'd, but now his Trade was o'er,
 Nor cou'd expect a single *Shilling* more.
 The Watch had cry'd *past One*, with hollow Strain,
 And to their Stands return'd to *sleep* again.
 Grave *Cits* and *Bullies*, *Rakes* and *squeamish Beaus*
 Came reeling with their *Doxies* from the *Rose*.
 * *Jephson's* and † *Mitchell's* Hurry now was done;
 And now ‡ *T—K—'s* (so *Rakes* ordain'd) begun.

* *Bedford Head* in *Southampton-Street*.

† *Bedford Arms* in *Covent Garden-Piazas*.

‡ A *Shed* in *Covent Garden*, resorted to by the *Rakes*,
Wh—rs, and *Bullies* of the *Town*, who there keep a
Midnight Assembly.

Bright shone the Moon, and Calm around the Sky,
 No *Cinder-Wench*, nor straggling *Link-Boy* nigh!
 When in that *Garden*, where with mimic Pow'r
 strut the mock-purple Heroes of an Hour.
 Where by grave *Matrons* Cabbages are sold,
 Who all the liv'd-long Day drink *Gin* and *scold*;
 Beneath the Covert of an humble Shed,
 Thither by Chance, or by appointed led,
Thomas and *Susan*, on their *Sieves* reclin'd,
 In Notes alternate open'd thus their Mind:
 The neatest he of all the Porter throng,
 The fairest she the Basket Nymphs among.

Thom. *Suky*, ah! *Suky*, long have I complain'd
 Of Love rejected, and of *Vows* disdain'd;
 Long have I told you with what pleasing Art
 Your soft bewitching *Eyes* have *stole* my *Heart*;
 But you, too cruel *Lafs*, whene'er I moan,
 Laugh at my Sighs, and bid me sigh alone.

Suf. Laugh at thy Sighs! Who, *Tummas* cou'd
 forbear?

Thy doleful *Ditties*, and thy *Tales* to hear,
 Such shallow *Tales*!—for sure I am too wise
 To think that *Hearts* cou'd e'er be *stole* by *Eyes*:
 Long since I *stole* your *Heart*; yet simple Swain,
Still of a *bleeding Heart* you oft complain:
 —No, *Tummas*. no—to such false Men adieu;
 Who wins my *Love*, must win by speaking true

Thom. Ah! luckless Lad! was ever Fate like mine!
 Ah! faithless *Lafs*! was ever Scorn like thine!

Whate'er

Whate'er I say, thou with too quaint a Skill,
 Turn'st my plain downright Words to what you will ;
Suky, howe'er my Thoughts may be exprest,
 My Pain's your *Pleasure*, and my Love your *Jest* :
 Howe'er you'd seem, you can't so simple be ;
 But *none so blind as they who will not see*.

Suf. As t'other Morn on yonder Bench I sat,
 And careless hung aside my cropt straw Hat,
 A gay young Spark, as fine as any Lord,
 Stopt, and spoke to me of his own Accord ;
 Tho' with a *Riband* cross his Shoulder dress'd,
 And something wond'rous glitt'ring at his Breast,
 Yet did he kiss me—with a Kiss so sweet—
 And something whisper'd, which I'll not repeat :
 If, *Tummas*, such fine Folk will deign to sue,
 Other-guests Lovers may I hope than *you*.

Thom. Ah ! *Suky*, trust not to an outside Show,
 Much Danger oft lies hid within a *Beau* ;
 Flow'rs gay to sight may fragrant sinell no more,
 And tempting Fruit is rotten as the *Core* :
 But if, proud Maid, you still my Suit disdain,
 Others will sue to me, and sue in vain.

Welsh Peggy, who has noted been so long
 For Quickness of her *Feet* as well as *Tongue*,
Peggy, my Love with frequent *Treats* wou'd win,
 With *Hotpot* mild, and quick inspiring *Gin* ;
 But neither *Hotpot*, nor yet *Gin* can prove,
 Charms strong enough to force neglectful Love.
 For while to her I drink, my Heart's so true,
 I, 'stead of saying *Peggy*, cry *dear Sue*.

Susan.

Suf. But from *T-- K--*'s see where the *Rakes* appear,
Returning Home, and tell the Morning near ;
The Market fills—hear, hear the pleasing Sound
Of hot *Ox-Cheek*, and *Barley-Broth* around.

Thom. O then, my Love, no more our Joys delay.
But to the *Parson* kindly haste away.
Away they jogg'd adown *Southampton-Street*,
And fought the wry neck'd *Parson* of the *Fleet*.

MOLL ROW *Moggify'd*.

A Whimsical Pain has just caught me,
Much worse than the Gout in the Toe ;
What Damsel on Earth could have taught me
To Love, but enchanting *Moll Row*.

When chatting, or walking, or drinking,
No Person or Subject I know ;
For all my whole Power of thinking's
Employ'd about sweet *Molly Row*.

Some People love hunting and sporting,
And chace a stout Buck or a Doe ;
But the Game I am fond of is courting
A Smile from my dear *Molly Row*.

In the Dance thro' the Couples a Scudding,
How graceful and light does she go !
No *Englishman* ever lov'd Pudding,
As I love my sweet *Molly Row*.

In the Dumps when my Friend says how goes it?

I answer him furly, so so:

I'm sad, and I care not who knows it;

I suffer for charming *Moll Row*.

Tho' formerly I was a Sloven,

For her I will turn a great Beau;

I'll buy a green Coat to make love in,

And dress at my tempting *Moll Row*.

She's witty, she's lovely, and airy,

Her bright Eyes as black as a Shoe:

Search the County of sweet *Tipperary*,

The brightest Nymph in't is *Moll Row*.

Were my Post in the Trenches or Ditches,

On the Banks of the *Rhine* or the *Po*;

Like *Broglia* I'd fly without Breeches

To the Arms of my charming *Moll Row*.

So great and so true is my Passion,

I kindly like Fire and Tow:

Who's the Pearl of the brave *Irish* Nation?

Arra, who shou'd it be but *Moll Row*.

Thro' the Lace that her Bosom does cover

I spy'd her two Bubbies of Snow;

So well and so dearly I love her.

I'd give my two Eyes for *Moll Row*.

Your

Your Shafts I have stood Mr. *Cupid*,
And oft cry'd a Fig for your Bow ;
But the Man that escapes must be stupid,
When you shoot from the Eyes of *Moll Row*.

Com fill up the Bumpers and Glasses,
And let the brown Bowl overflow :
Here's a Health to the brightest of Lassies,
The Queen of our Toast *Molly Row*.

The MOUSE and the OYSTER.

Occasion'd by a Mouse's being actually found enclosed and killed by an Oyster. This was thought a proper Subject for a Tragi-Comic Poem, by a polite Company at a certain Nobleman's Table ; who fixed upon a poetical Gentleman then present for this purpose : Who soon after presented them with the following humorous Performance, wherein he appears to have done ample Justice to his Subject.

LET loftier Bards the *Hero's* Acts relate,
I sing the memorable *Mouse's* Fate :
Nor let a critic Ear the Theme refuse
Immortal made by the *Maonian* Muse.

'Twas when the Veil of Night o'erspread the Plain
When Bats and Fairies, *Mice* and *Morpheus* reign ;
When lab'ring Hinds forget the Toils of Day,
And *Philomel* begins her love-sick Lay ;

PART II.

F

While

While the hush'd Winds in peaceful Slumbers dwell,
And boding Crickets sound their Midnight Knell.
'Twas then a daring Mouse, that long defy'd,
The various Stratagems which *Kate* had try'd,
His destin'd Doom receiv'd ; for, soon or late,
Both *Mice* and *Monarchs* must submit to Fate.

Oft was the Moon with silver Lustre crown'd,
Since the nocturnal Pyrate march'd his Round ;
Soon as his Foe, the *Sun*, had took his Flight,
Trips forth the little Champion of the Night,
With cautious Tread, secure from fell mishap
Of *Puffs*, of Poison, or tremendous Trap ;
Still at the Head of his rapacious Clan,
He skipt from Shelf to Shelf, and Pan to Pan ;
With Nose sagacious smok'd the baited Gin,
Wary and conscious of the Snare within :
Now feasts on rich Variety of Meats,
And oft in Cheese his own Apartment eats ;
Regales on Floods of Cream, Ragouts and Cakes,
Of all the Dainties of the Day partakes :
Now stoms rich Conserves with voluptuous Taste,
And saps the tender Tenements of Paste.
Puddings in vain, that come but once a Week,
In Cupboard high a Sanctuary seek ;
Where Locks and Bolts a Passage have forbid,
He gnaws Admission in a Time of need.
When Pantry fails, thro' spite of watchful Cooks,
The Smuggler feeds on new repast of Books,
Bunyan and *Burton*, both enrich'd with *Grease*,
Will often serve his Hunger to appease.

Now

Now conjuring Books, Love-Jests, and *Robin-Hood*,
With Songs of Chevy-Chase are turn'd to food.

Culpeper, *Partridge*, *Holingshead* and *Stowe*,
The Art of Pastry, *Robinson Crusoe*,
All mangled lie, with Tales of Monks and Witches,
Receipts for Agues, and last dying Speeches.
Thus Tartar like, the Vagrant feeds on Prey,
Plunders all Night, and slumbers all the Day.

When ruddy Morn wakes the more ruddy Maid,
What Scenes of ruin are around display'd !
In Fragments here disjointed Basons lie,
And here the martyr'd Relicks of a Pye ;
Now with uplifted Hands in Loaves she sees,
Arch'd Caverns yawn, and Sepulchres of Cheese ;
Not more tremendous look'd the *Cyclop's* Cave,
Or *Cuma's* Grott, hard-by *Averno's* Wave ;
Here mourns in Furrows deep, domestick Bacon,
Here Fruits, preserv'd for Winter Tarts, are taken.
But ah ! the fav'rite Saucer most gives Pain,
Whose Brims blue Letters in a Circle stain :
That Saucer, which *Kate's* swain last Country-Wake,
Gave her, adorn'd with Motto and with Cake.
'Twas then, with weeping Eyes, Revenge she swore,
And threw the last sad Remnants on the Floor :
'Twas then she sought some Spell in deep Despair,
And musing mutter'd backwards half a Prayer.
Not with less Grief, the *Trojan* Heroes found
Their prostrate Banquets scatter'd on the Ground ;
When from on high devouring Harpies flew
With horrid Claws, and all the Feast o'erthrew.

Yet long unharm'd, the Epicure patroll'd,
And fearless, o'er his silent Suburbs stroll'd:
Luxurious Nights in pleasing Plunder pass'd,
Nor dreamt that *this* was doom'd to be his last.

For now the Time,—the destin'd Time was sent,
So Fate ordain'd,—and who can Fate prevent?
Thick Shades once more had veil'd the haunted House;
Once more from covert Bolts th' adventrous Mouse,
Lighting in evil Hour, in quest of Prey,
Where in a Groupe th' avenging Oysters lay.
The Fish, commission'd from the wat'ry Throng,
With Tegument of scaly Armour strong,
Lay with expanded Jaws, and gaping Shell,
(But who the sad Catastrophe can tell?)
Thus lies the dreadful Monster of Nile's Flood,
With open Mouth extended on the Mud.
The dainty Mouse, still craving some new Dish,
Enters the gloomy Mansion of the Fish;
With Beard exploring, and with luscious Lip,
He longs the Pickle of the Seas to sip,
Rous'd by his Tusks, th' elastic Oyster fell,
And caught the Caitiff's Head in wat'ry Cell;
In vain the victim Labours to get free
From Durance vile, and close Captivity;
Lock'd in the strong Embrace, ensnar'd he lies,
In Pill'ry safe, pants, struggles, squeaks and dies.
Thus the just Fate of his own Crimes he meets,
Like Rakes expiring in destructive Sweets.
Hence let ambitious Minds, the Tale who hear,
This Moral learn, *To move within their Sphere.*

Thus

Thus ends the dire disastrous Night's Campaign,
And thus the memorable Mouse was slain.

But in *Kate's* Bosom, say, what Raptures glow,
When in the scaly Trap she finds her Foe?
Her mortal Foe!—detain'd in Bondage strong,
Her Wishes granted, and reveng'd her Wrong,
While loud Rejoicings fill the rescu'd Hou'e,
And Neighbours crowd to view the captive Mouse.

Now hangs the grateful Spoil on beam sublime,
Safe, where no Boys can reach, nor Cats can climb,
Where Ostrich Eggs, and Birds presaging Weather,
Dry'd Herrings, Hams and Halcyons swing together.
How oft the Master views the the wond'rous Prize,
And hails the Conquest with exulting Eye!

And when beneath sedate he sits and smoaks,
And cracks his Nuts, his Bottles, or his Jokes,
This Tale he tells to grace the *Christmas* Pye,
And to the trophy'd Relicks points on *high*.

DICK *the best Doctor.*

An EPIGRAM.

DICK's Wife was sick, and pos'd the Doctor's Skill,
Who differ'd how to cure th' invet'rate Ill:
Purging the one prescrib'd: No; quoth another,
That will do neither good nor harm, my Brother,
Bleeding's the only Way.—'twas quick reply'd,
That's certain Death.—But since we differ wide,
'Tis fit the Husband chuse by whom t' abide. }

*Ife no great Skill, quo' Richard, by the Rood!
But Ife think Bleeding's like to do most Good.*

The VICAR of Bray.

A S O N G.

I.

OF *Bray* the Vicar long I've been
And many a Test and Trial
I've stood, and various Changes seen,
Yet never prov'd disloyal.
For with the Crown I always clos'd,
Whatever Person wore it,
And ev'ry Oath the State impos'd,
I most devoutly swore it.
*For this is what I will maintain
Unto my dying Day still ;
That whatsoever King shall reign,
I'll be the Vicar of Bray still.*

II.

In *Charles* the Second's jovial Days,
When Loy'ty had no Harm in't ;
An high flown Royalist I was,
And so I got Preferment.
To teach my Flock I never mis'd,
Kings were by God appointed ;
And all were damn'd that did resist,
Or touch the Lord's anointed.
And this is what I will maintain, &c.

When

III.

When royal *James* obtain'd the Crown,
And *Papery* came in Fashion,
The penal Laws I voted down,
And read the Declaration.
The Church of *Rome*, I found, wou'd fit
Full well my Constitution,
And had become a Jesuit,
But for the Revolution.
For this is what I will, &c.

IV.

When *William*, he was King declar'd
To cure the Nation's Grievance,
With this new Wind about I veer'd,
And swore to him Allegiance.
Old Doctrines then I did revoke,
Set Conscience at a Distance,
Passive-obedience was a Joke,
A Jest was Non-Resistance.
But this is what I will, &c.

V.

When *Anne* became our gracious Queen,
The Church of *England's* Glory,
Another Face of Things was seen,
So I became a Tory.
Occasional Conformists base
I damn'd, and Moderation,
And prov'd the Church in Danger was
From such Prevarication.
And this is what I will, &c.

When

VI.

When *George* the First to rule came o'er,
 And moderate Men look'd big, Sir,
 I turn'd the Cat i' th' Pan once more,
 And so became a Whig, Sir.
 Thus new Preferments I procur'd
 From that great Faith's Defender,
 And almost ev'ry Day abjur'd
 The *Pope* and the *Pretender*.
And this is what I will, &c.

VII.

From first, to second *George* secure
 The Crown is now descended ;
 For in that righteous Title, sure !
 No Flaw can be pretended.
 So my old Coat will serve me still
 With little Alteration ;
 And he's a Rogue that turn it will,
 When there is no Occasion.
And this is what I will, &c.

VIII.

And now the Line of *Hanover*,
 And Protestant Succession,
 For these I'll preach, and pray, and swear,
 While they can keep Possession :
 Thus in my Faith and Loyalty
 No Man can say, I falter,
 And *Frederick* perchance may be
 My King, if Times don't alter.

*For this is what I will maintain
Unto my dying Day still,
That whatsoever King shall reign,
I'll be the Vicar of Bray still.*

A LITTLE WISH.

GRANT me, Gods, a *little* Seat,
Modern built, and furnish'd neat ;
Let it stand on rising Ground,
For a Prospect all around ;
Call the Mansion *Cowper's Hill* :
From the Mount a *little* Rill
Let Mæand'ring gently flow
Thro' the verdant Vale below.
Add a *little* Garden to't,
Planted, wall'd, and well laid out ;
And a *little* Bow'r therein,
Little Bower ever-green,
And a *little* shady Grove,
Or, for Study, or for Love ;
And some *little* Trees that bear,
Pippin, Cherry, Plumb, and Pear ;
And the Apricot and Peach,
On the Wall within my Reach ;
And each fragrant Flow'r that grows,
Fragrant Flower for the Nose ;
And the Rose in all its Pride,
Blooming Rose, for blooming Bride ;

PART II.

G

Tulips

Tulips too in richest Shew,
Tulips gay, as birth-night Beau.

Let us now go in a Door,
And see what to ask for more :
Grant, ye Pow'rs, a *little* Wine,
For a Guest that comes to dine,
And a Stock of mild and stale,
Honest Neighbours to regale,
And *October* strong and mellow,
Tubes and Weed for hearty Fellow,
Those in *Cestrian* Moulds compest,
This of *Weekly's* very best :
Cordials too in Cupboard be,
Rum, Arrack, and Ratifia ;
Now and then a *little* Cup
Serves to keep the Spirits up.

As a Sportsman, give me Horses,
Some for Chace, and some for Courses,
And a Pack of *little* Hounds,
To drive Reynard o'er the Downs :
Grant for these a fit Estate,
Nor too *little*, nor too *great*.

But if ask again I shall,
I will ask what's all in all ;
Give a *little* pretty Spouse,
For to grace my little House ;
Let her have Complexion fair,
Sparkling Eyes, and auburn Hair,
Skin as white as Neck of Swan,
Smooth as Down that grows thereon,

Smiling

Smiling Looks, and ruby Lips,
Waist that tapers to her Hips,
And fine Arms that easy fall,
And soft Hands, and Fingers small,
Skill'd to touch the warbling Strings,
When her Lays, or mine she sings:
Let her frank and pleasant be,
To my Friends, as well as me;
And with Wit and Beauty's Charms,
Glad my Heart and bless my Arms:
Be the Produce of our Joys,
Little Girls, and little Boys.

O! the Sweets of such a Life,
To be bless'd with such a Wife!
Grant but these, may I be poor,
When I ask a *little* more.

VERSES *sent to Dean SWIFT on his Birth-*
Day; by a FRIEND of the Dean's.

TO you, my true, and faithful Friend,
These tributary Lines I send,
Which ev'ry Year, thou best of Deans,
I'll pay as long as Life remains;
But did you know one half the Pain,
What Work, what racking of the Brain,
It costs me for a single Clause,
How long I'm forced to think, and pause,
How long I dwell upon a Proem,
To introduce your Birth-Day Poem,

How many blotted Lines ! I know it,
You'd have compassion for the Poet.

Now to describe the Way I think,
I take in Hand my Pen and Ink,
I rub my Forehead, scratch my Head,
Revolving all the Rhymes I read,
Each complimental Thought, sublime,
Reduc'd by fav'rite *Pope* to rhyme,
And those by you to *Oxford* writ,
With true Simplicity, and Wit ;
Yet after all I cannot find
One Panegyrick to my Mind.
Now I begin to fret, and blot,
Something I schem'd, but quite forgot ;
My Fancy turns a thousand Ways
Thro' all the sev'ral Forms of Praise,
What Elogy may best become
The greatest Dean in Christendom.
At last I've hit upon a Thought—
Sure this will do—'tis good for naught—
This Line I peevishly erase,
And chuse another in its Place ;
Again I try, again commence,
But cannot well express the Sense,
The Line's too short to hold my Meaning,
I'm cramp't, and cannot bring the Dean in.
O for a Rhyme to glorious Birth !
I've hit upon't—the Rhyme is Earth—
But how to bring it in, or fit it,
I know not, so I'm forc'd to quit it.

Again

Again I try—I'll sing the Man—
 And do, says *Phœbus*, if you can ;
 I wish with all my Heart you wou'd not,
 Where *Horace* now alive he cou'd not :
 And will you venture to pursue,
 What none alive or dead cou'd do ?
 Pray see did ever *Pope* or *Gay*
 Presume to write on his Birth-Day,
 Tho' both were fav'rite Bards of mine,
 The Task they wisely did decline.

With Grief I felt his Admonition ;
 And much lamented my Condition.
 Because I cou'd not be content
 Without some grateful Compliment.
 If not the Poet, sure the Friend
 Must something on your Birth-Day send.

I scratch'd, and rubb'd my Head once more,
Let ev'ry Patriot him adore.
 Alack-a-day there's nothing in't—
 Such Stuff will never do in print.

Pray, reader, ponder well the Sequel,
 I hope this Epigram will take well.

In others, Life is deem'd a Vapour,
In Swift it is a lasting Taper,
Whose Blaze continually refines,
The more it burns, the more it shines.

I read this Epigram again,
 'Tis much to flat to fit the Dean.

Then down I lay some Scheme to dream on,
 Assisted by some friendly Demon ;

I slept

To me the Curate of *Great Woolford*,
And here is my Receipt in full for't,
And by these Presents I discharge,
Acquit, release, and set at large,
'Squire *H-ft-ings Ingr—m* aforefaid,
His Servant-Man and Servant-Maid,
Or any Children of their Loins,
Their Heirs, Executors, and Assigns,
If Child, Executor, there be,
Or Heir, to any of the Three :
And now in witness of the same,
I hereunto subscribe my Name.

J. FREE.

The Disappointed MILKMAID.

HOW *poorly* your *Projectors* fare,
That *Build* their *Castles* in the *Air* !
Still *tow'ring* on from *Scheme* to *Scheme*,
They top *Olympus* in a *Dream* :
But *waking*, find (nineteen i' th' *Score*,)
Themselves far *lower* than *before*.
Of *these* the *Instances* are many,
And *this* will *serve* as well as *any*.
It happen'd on a *Summer's Day*,
A *Country Lass* as *fresh* as *May*,
Deck'd in a wholesome *russet Gown*,
Was going to next *Market Town*.
So *blith* her *Locks*, so *simply clean*,
You'd take her for a *May-Day Queen*,

Save,

Save, 'stead of *Garland* (says my Tale)

Her *Head* bore *Brindy's* loaded *Pail*.

As on her *Way* she pass'd along,

She hum'd the *Fragments* of a *Song*.

She did not hum for want of *Thought*,

But pleas'd with *what* to *sale* she brought,

She reckon'd, by her *own* Account,

When all was fold, the whole Amount :

Thus *she*—In *Time*, this little *Ware*

May turn to great *Account* with *Care*,

My *Milk* being sold for—*so* and *so*,

I'll buy some *Eggs* as *Markets* go,

And sett them—At the *Time* I fix

These *Eggs* will bring as many *Chicks* ;

I'll spare no *Pains* to feed 'em well,

They'll bring vast *Profit* when they sell :

With this, I'll buy a little *Pig*,

And when 'tis grown up fat and big.

I'll sell it, whether *Boar* or *Sow*,

And with the *Money* buy a *Cow*.

This *Cow* will surely have a *Calf*.

And there the *Profit's* half and half ;

Besides there's *Butter*, *Milk* and *Cheese*.

To keep the *Market* when I please.

All which I'll sell, and buy a *Farm*.

Then shall of *Sweet-Hearts* have a *Swarm*.

O! then for *Ribbands*, *Gloves*, and *Rings*.

Ay ! more than *twenty* pretty *Things* :

One brings me *this*, another *that*,

And I shall have—the *Lord* knows *what* !

Fir'd with the *Thoughts*, the frantick *Lafs*,
Of what was *thus* to come to pass,
Her *Heart* beat strong, she gave a *Bound*,
And down came *Milk-pail* on the *Ground*.
Eggs, Fowls, Pig, Hog, (ah ! well o'-Day !)
Cow, Calf, and Farm,—all swam away.

*Proper Rules and Instructions, without
which no Person can be an Exciseman.*

Quicunque Vult

Whoever would be an Exciseman, before all
Things it is necessary that he learn the Art of
Arithmetick.

Which Art unless he wholly understand, he without
doubt can be no *Exciseman*.

Now the Art of Arithmetick is this, to know how
to multiply, and how to divide. *Desunt pauca.*

The 1 is a Figure, the 2 a Figure, and the 3 a Figure.

The 1 is a Number, the 2 a Number, and the 3
a Number ; and yet they are *Desunt plurima.*

For like as we are compelled by the Rules of Arithmetick, to acknowledge every Figure by itself to have Signification and Form :

So we are forbidden by the Rules of right Reason, to say that each of them have three Significations, or three Powers.

The 2 is of the 1's alone, not abstracted, nor depending, but produced.

The 3 is of the 1 and 2, not abstracted, nor depending, nor produced, but derived. So there is one Figure of 1. *Defunt nonnulla.*

He therefore that will be an *Exciseman*, must thus understand his Figures.

Furthermore, it is necessary to the Preservation of his Place, that he also believe rightly the Authority of his Supervisor.

For his Interest is, that he believe and confess that his Supervisor, the Servant of the Commissioners, is Master and Man: Master of the Exciseman, having Power from the Commissioners to inspect his Books; and Man, to the Commissioners, being obliged to return his Accounts.

Perfect Matter and perfect Man, of an unconscionable Soul and frail Flesh subsisting: equal to the Commissioners, as touching that Respect which is shewn him by the Exciseman, and inferiour to the Commissioners, as touching their Profit and Salary.

Who altho' he be Master and Man, is not two, but one Supervisor.

One not by Confusion of Place, but by Virtue of his Authority: for his Seal and Sign Manual perfect his Commission, his Gauging the Vessels, and inspecting the Excisemen's Books, is what makes him Supervisor.

Who travels thro' thick and thin, and suffers most from Heat or Cold, to save us from the Addition of
Taxes,

Taxes, or Deficiencies in the Funds, by Corruption or Inadvertency.

Who thrice in seven Days goes his Rounds, and once in six Weeks meets the Collectors, who shall come to judge between the Exciseman and Victualler.

At whose coming all Exciseman shall bring in their Accounts. and the Victuallers their Money.

And they that have well done, by prompt Payment, shall be well treated.

And those that have done ill, by being tardy in their Payments, shall be cast into Jail: and the Excisemen whose Books are blotted, or Accounts unjustifiable, shall be turned out of their Places.

These are the Rules, which except a Man follows, he cannot be an Exciseman.

Honour to the Commissioners, Fatigue to the Supervisor, and Bribery to the Exciseman.

As it was from the Beginning, when Taxes were first laid upon Malt, is now, and ever will be 'till the Debts of the Nation are paid.

A M E N.

On a noted Author and his Wife, who assisted each other in writing a Love-Poem.

AS *Richie* and *Pattie* sat up very late,
Each a Pen in the Hand, and a Muse in the Pate,
The Design was to finish a Piece on Enjoyment;
O ye Gods! For the Authors how fit the Employment!

Dick cry'd, Dearest, find me a Crambo to bliss,
Patt stretch'd out her Neck, and answer'd, a---Kiss.
 The Prologue begun, there's no more to be said;
 They strip'd, and soon finish'd the Poem in Bed.

The INVINCIBLE WIFE.

B*uckram* reels home, o'er charg'd with many a Pot,
 Where vixen *Sue* berates the drunken Sot.
 Silence, he cries—and his dread Cudgel waves,
 Threats but provoke : And *Susan* louder raves.
 “ What ! thresh thy Wife ? thou nitty lousy *Scrub* ?
 “ *Lousy*, quoth he ? —nay, then thy Sides I'll drub.
 The Scold turns Fury now : The more he beats.
 The fiercer still she lousy *Scrub* repeats.
 Enrag'd, he seiz'd and dragg'd her to the Well,
 I'll cool thy Courage, or thy Tongue I'll quell.
 Ducking thy Case, poor *Buckram*, little mends,
 She had her Lesson at her Finger's Ends.
 Sows'd over Head, her Arms she raises high,
 And cracking Nails the Want of Tongue supply.

The Distress'd CHAPLAIN. A Hard Case :

But a true TALE.

HOW strange an Hurly-Burly
 Do, in this bustling World, we

Descry,

Descry, quite all around us!
What selfish Souls surround us!
All seek their own Advantage;
Both old,—and those that want Age.
Naught else is now worth minding,
But what some gain we find in.
Sincerity so scarce is,
True Friendship all a Farce is.
Son, Father, Sister, Brother,
Will hardly help each other.
So that on broken Reeds we
Do rest, if, in our *Needs*, we
Another's Care depend on,
Or think, due help he'll lend one.
In Matters of Importance,
So few, t' assist, afford Hands,
That *each one*—(I protest, Sir,)
Does his own Bus'ness best, Sir.
That this is not device all,—
Kind, courteous Reader! I shall,
As well as I am able,
Show, by th' ensuing Fable.

Once, on a Time, a *Curate*,
To Hardships much inured,
With Pain *was disemboying*:—
(Say not, that I'm for roguing
With *sacred* Things.—In Troth, Sir,
I much respect the *Cloth*, Sir;
And think such Sort of mocking,
Tho' *Alamode*, most shocking.

Besides

Besides,—O rev'rend *Clergy* !
 With no great Fault I charge ye,
 When I aver, that ye do,
 As well as *Cælia*, *sh—t* too.
 However, by the Sequel,
 Of *this*, you'll find I speak well ;
 Showing this Church's true Son
 Was, by no Means, a *loose* one.
 Whether then *Lay*, or *Rev'rend*,
 Your Pardon let me crave, Friend.
 Digressions too excuse, Sir :
 I'll now my Tale pursue, Sir.)

In *House of Office*, straining,
 A *Priest* was thus complaining—
 O !—*help me, Cloacina* !

Affist a poor *Divine*,—(hah !)
 Who, sure, must quite be lost, if
 He long remain so *costive*.

O Heav'ns ! how does it pain us,
 When thus the tortur'd *Anus*
 Is rack'd, and almost rended,
 By being so distended !

Dear Friends !—Hallo !—d'ye mind me ?
 Come !—quickly come, behind me.

Dip, dip in Oil, a Feather,
 And bring, O ! bring it hither.

Anoint the Part affected :—

Why am I thus neglected ?

Lard !—Lard !—there's no enduring !
 Sweet *Cook*,—pray thrust a *Scure* in.

By little and by little,—
 The *Button* are so brittle,—
 Perhaps, you'll disunite 'em :
 But, Oh!—I ne'er shall *sb*—'em.
 Yet shou'd—(O sad Disaster!)
 They cling together faster,
 Your Hand, dear *Butler*, try soon ;
 Or else, I sure shall die soon.
 Your Art, if us'd discreetly,
 Wou'd do the Thing most sweetly.
 This *excremental Cork*, Sir,
 A *Bottle-Scrue*, or *Fork*, Sir,
 Methinks, if handled choicely,
 Wou'd pull out wond'rous nicely.
 Some such Device—(I dare say,)
 Would ease my aching A—, (hah!)
 Zooks! how it smarts and tingles,
 Worse, than the worst of *Shingles*!
 Or *Boil*!—tho' e'er so fiery :
 Come!—Come!—how plaguety *thy* are ye!
 Shall I be helpt by no Man?
 Where—where's my Lady's *Woman*?
 Oh! Some good Body, bring her :
 She has a neat light *Finger*,
 Help!—(hah!) some Help O send me ;
 Or—(hah!)—the Pain will end me.

He spoke ;—but none would answer ;
 And begg'd but all in vain, Sir,
 Not one—(alas poor *Parson*!)
 Had Pity, his peer A—— on.

It's true the grinning *Steward*
 Had, with Attention due, heard
 The *Priest's* sad Lamentation,
 And loud Vociferation :
 Yet, (*Varlet* most provoking !)
 Was much dispos'd for *jaaking*,
 He, like a Senseless giddy Fool,
 Turn'd all, I vow, to ridicule ;
 And, far from an Assistant,
 Made e'en a perfect Jest on't.
 For thus, in Manner jeering,
 The *Bailiff* fell a sneering.

Hallo !—why, Sirs !—where are ye all ?
 For shame ! how can ye tarry all ?
 Ye're all a Sleep, or deaf, sure :
 What !—none of you at Leisure !
 Why don't ye help the *Chaplain* ?
 He'll be quite spent with grappling
 With this same *costive Malady* :
 Poor Gentleman !—O ! well-a-day !—
 Run, run for *Doll*, the *Dairy-Maid* ;
 Who may, perchance, with care, him aid,
 For, in some *private Cases*
 Of pulling dismal Faces,
 In giving *help*, she's no Dunce :
 As she as has more than show'd once,
 She can—if *need* require it,
 And *groaning* Girls desire it,—
 Supply the *Midwife's* Absence :
 And he too may, perhaps, hence

Have

Have *Help*—(if they'll but bring her,)
From her *experienc'd Finger*.

What!—all stand at a Distance!
None come to his Assistance;
Do none of ye regard then
The *Chaplain*, of one Farthing?
Nor how he rent and tore is?
O Tempora!—O Mores!
Nor care at all, if ever,
(Distracting Thought!) or never,
His *Stool* and he be parted?
O!—is not this hard-hearted?
Dear *Doctor*!—I'm so sorry
My very Heart aches for you,
May gracious Heav'n defend ye!
But, shou'd this *hard Bout* end ye,
You'll be *resign'd*, I know, Sir,
You'll *forgive* ev'ry *Foe*, Sir,
Will to your *Faith* be steady,
And your *Accounts* have ready.
These are the *Pray'rs* most fervent,
Of, Sir, your humble Servant.

The *Butler*, with his red Nose,
Whom each one better fed knows,
Than taught, said thus;— I fear, it
Was drinking too much *Claret*,
That prov'd the dire Occasion
Of all this *fore Vexation*.
Howe'er,—before we're sent hence,
The *Stool* of true Repentance

Does well for all to *sit on*:

And so,—sweet Sir!—pray *sh—t* on.

Thus, thus by all unminded,
The poor, *distrest* Divine did
Receive these lame Excuses,
These Insults and Abuses.

Some, I think, less severe were;
And seem'd to be sincerer.

One said,—(O shuffling *Ervin*!)
Some other Time he'd serve him.

With Pains oft interrupted,
Reply'd Sir *Rev'rend* snuffed.—
Whoe'er,—a Friend,—in *Need*, is,
He, he,—a Friend,—in *Deed*, is.
Ye shou'd not—make such—Sport, sure,
With this—my grievous—Torture.
Ye're—certainly,—fine—Bodies:
But,—Oh!—the *Squire*—shall know this.

At length—*præclusa Voce*,
With recollected Force, he—
(Tho', still the more it pain'd him,
Grinn'd, stamp'd, and star'd, and strain'd him.
To make the Matter short, Sir,
The strenuous brave Effort, Sir,
So wond'rous well succeeded,
That what, so long, unheeded
Had, in *posterior Gap*, lain,
The, poor neglected *Chaplain*,
In vig'rous Sort, exploded,
And the griev'd Gut unloaded.

Thus

Thus forc'd—(O hard Condition !)
 To be his own *Physician*,—
 Compleat, this *Moral-Mender*
 Desir'd, the Cure, to render.
 For which Intent, effectual, he
 Found *Lenitive Electu'ry*.

*An Epistle from a CLERGYMAN to his
 FRIEND. Describing the happy Life of a
 Country Parson.*

Dear Sir,

Regarding neither Blame nor Praise,
 Whether I merit Birch or Bays,
 For once I will attempt in Rhime
 To tell you how I spend my Time.
Imprimis, then, in Summer Weather
 The Sun and I do rise together ;
 Then hurrying *William* out to plough,
 I call to *Anne* to milk her Cow :
 Then take my Cane, and walk at ease
 To see what Pigs are in my Pease,
 Where, if I spy the grunting Snout,
 clap, and *Keeper* hunts them out ;
 Then mend the Gap by driving Stake fast,
 And Home again to take my Breakfast.
 Now all the Time, till Breakfast ends,
 We talk o'er all our *Ongar* Friends :
 And thus perhaps my Wife begins,
 I can but think Sir *John* had Twins :

How strange, says he, do Things go on ?
Some can have two, while some have none.
Now such Discourse to me is grating,
So I turn off to other Prating,
And talk of Sir *John Aff*—'s Marrying,
And Lady's *Mary*'s late Miscarrying,
Or any other foreign Chat,
To rid her Head and Thoughts of that :
Tho' whisp'ring now my Thoughts to thee,
I think it hard as well as she.
But tell me, do your Cheeks ne'er burn ?
For you are talk'd of in your Turn ;
Nay ev'ry one, without a Lye, Sir,
From good Sir *John* to poor *Will Spicer*.
Now loit'ring thus as long as fitting,
I to my Books, and she to knitting ;
But by the Way of talking this,
We never part without a Kifs ;
And ev'ry Morning thus from *Monday*
I'm thinking what to say on *Sunday*,
And so sit musing all alone,
Until our Parish-Clock strikes one ;
When from the lowest Stair I hear
My Wife call out---Come down, my Dear,
For Dinner's ready—where I see
A decent plain Frugality.
There's nothing wanting, nor profuse,
A well-fed Duck, or season'd Goose,
Or Beans or Peas, or Barn-Door Hen,
Or roasted Pig, my Due from ten ;

Nor

Nor in the Season am without
The silver Eel or speckl'd Trout :
And tho' I almost keep from Wine,
As strict as *Jews* abstain from Swine,
Yet does my Sideboard never fail
To furnish Beer or well-brew'd Ale ;
Nor a Desert, when Fruit is ripe :
And after that I take my Pipe.
That done, why then I nod perhap,
And lean my Head to take a Nap.
Mean while some honest Friend does come,
And ask my Maid, if I'm at Home?
If fifty Pounds he rents a Year,
I beg him then to draw his Chair,
And looking in the empty Jug,
I call to fetch another Mug.
With him discoursing, I am told
How at last Fair the Cattle sold,
And many useful Things I know,
As when to plough, and when to sow,
When to manure in proper Time,
And which is fittest Dung or Lime.
So talk we till he leaves my House,
Then thank him, and salute his Spouse ;
And being of a well-bred Nation,
He says he'll use my Commendation :
'Tis well accepted by the Dame,
And she returns it with some Cream.
And now the Sun extends the Shade,
We walk perhaps in neighb'ring Mead.

Close

Close by whose verdant flow'ry Side
 The silver Waves in Murmurs glide,
 Where sporting Fish with sudden Rise
 Catch at the too unwary Flies,
 Or where some Fisher with his Flook
 Watches his Float with careful Look :
 Or else beneath a spreading Oak
 I fill another Pipe and smoak,
 And see my Lambs their Frolicks play :
 And so your Friend wastes out the Day.
 Then Home returning, Pray'rs are said,
Will nakes his Bow, and all to bed.
 But now, methinks, you take me up here,
 What all to bed without a Supper ?
 Why, Faith, I own I would conceal,
 What 'tis no credit to reveal ;
 But yet, if that would give you ease,
 'Tis picking Bones, or toasted Cheese,
 And this concludes at present,

From
Your faithful humble Servant,

TOM.

EVANS had spoil'd the Verse before,
 But now it makes a Verse the more.

P. S.

You know there's no Epistle ends
 Without saluting of our Friends :
 My duty then attends my Mother,
 My Love to Sister and to Brother ;

And,

And, not to make my Letter longer,
Salute all Friends in *Chipping-Ongar*.

The MISTAKEN PHYSICIANS.

TWO able Physicians as e'er prescrib'd Physick,
On *B—n's* Illness were sent for to *Ch—ck*:
Each took my *L—d's* Pulse, and most solemnly felt it,
Then call'd for his Urine, view'd, tasted, and smelt it;
On sight of the Water *M—* * cry'd out, it was plain,
That my *L—d* had a Fever, and must breath a Vein;
You are right, Brother *M—*, and beside, added *Sl—* †,
Who voided this Water no doubt had a Stone:
You're out, quoth the Nurse, you've both of you mist it;
For it was not my *L—d*, but my *L—dy* that p-ft it.

*To their EXCELLENCIES the Lords Justices
of Ireland.*

*The Humble Petition of Frances Harris,
Who must Starve, and die a Maid if it miscar-*
ries.

Humbly Sheweth,

THAT I went to warm myself in Lady *Betty's*
Chamber, because I was cold,
And I had in a Purse, Seven Pound Four Shillings and
Six Pence, besides Farthings, in Money and Gold;

* *Dr. Mead.*

† *Sir Hans Sloane.*

So

So because I had been buying Things for my *Lady* last Night,

I was resolv'd to tell my Money, to see if it was right:

Now you must know, because my Trunk has a
bad Lock,

Therefore all the Money I have, which *God* knows,
is a very small Stock,

I keep in my Pocket ty'd about my middle, next my
Smock.

So when I went to put up my Purse, as *God* would
have it, my Smock was unript,

And instead of putting it into my Pocket, down it slip't:

Then the Bell rung, and I went down to put my
Lady to Bed,

And, *God* knows, I thought my Money was as safe
as my Maidenhead.

So when I came up again, I found my Pocket feel
very light,

But when I search'd, and miss'd my Purse, *Lord!* I
thought I should have sunk outright:

Lord! Madam, says *Mary*, how d'ye do? Indeed,
says I, never worse.

But pray, *Mary*, can you tell what I have done with
my Purse!

Lord help me, said *Mary*, I never stirr'd out of this
Place!

Nay, said I, I had it in *Lady Betty's* Chamber, that's
a plain Case.

So *Mary* got me to Bed, and cover'd me up warm;

However, she stole away my Garters, that I might
do myself no Harm: So

or, *the Merry Mortal's Companion.* 65

So I tumbl'd and toss'd all Night, as you may very
well think,

But hardly ever set my Eyes together, or slept a Wink.
So I was a-dream'd, methought, that we went and
search'd the Folks round;

And in a Corner of Mrs. *Dukes's* Box, ty'd in a Rag
the Money was found.

So next Morning we told *Whittle*, and he fell a Swear-
ing:

Then my Dame *Wadger* came, and she, you know,
is thick of Hearing;

Dame, said I, as loud as I could bawl, Do you know
what a Loss I have had?

Nay, said she, my Lord * *Collway's* Folks are all
very sad,

For my Lord † *Dromedary* comes a *Tuesday* without fail;
Pugh! said I, but that's not the Business that I ail.

Says *Cary*, says he, I have been a Servant this Five
and Twenty Years, come Spring,

And in all the Places I liv'd I never heard of such a
Thing.

Yes, says the *Steward*, I remember when I was at my
Lady *Shrewsbury's*,

Such a Thing as this happen'd, just about the time of
Goosberries.

So I went to the Party suspected, and I found her full
of Grief;

(Now you must know, of all Things in the World,
I hate a Thief.)

* *Gallway.*

† *Drogbeda.*

PART II.

K

However,

However, I was resolv'd to bring the Discourse flily
about :

Mrs. *Dukes*, said I, here's an ugly Accident has fallen out ;

'Tis not that I value the Money three Skips of a
Louse :

But the Thing I stand upon, is the Credit of the
Houfe :

'Tis true, Seven Pounds, Four Shillings and Six
Pence, makes a great Hole in my Wages ;

Besides, as they say, Service is no Inheritance in these
Ages.

Now, Mrs. *Dukes*, you know, and every Body understands,

That tho' 'tis hard to judge, yet Money can't go without
Hands.

The *Devil* take me, said she, (bleffing herself) if I ever
saw't !

So she roar'd like a *Bedlam*, as tho' I had call'd her
all to naught :

So, you know, what could I say to her any more ;

I e'en left her, and came away as wise as I was before.

Well : But then they would have had me gone to the
Cunning Man ;

No, said I, 'tis the same Thing, the *Chaplain* will be
here anon.

So the *Chaplain* came in : Now the Servants say he is
my Sweetheart,

Because he's always in my Chamber, and I always
take his Part ;

So

or, the Merry Mortal's Companion. 67

So, as the *Devil* would have it, before I was aware,
out I blunder'd,

Parson, said I, can you cast a *Nativity* when a *Body's*
plunder'd ?

(Now you must know, he hates to be call'd *Parson*,
like the *Devil*.)

Truly, says he, *Mrs. Nab*, it might become you to
be more civil :

If your *Money* be gone, as a learned *Divine* says,
d'ye see,

You are no *Text* for my Handling, so take that from me :
I was never taken for a *Conjurer* before, I'd have you
to know.

Lord, said I, don't be angry, I am sure I never thought
you so ;

You know, I honour the Cloth, I design to be a *Par-*
son's Wife,

I never took one in *Your Coat* for a *Conjurer* in all my
Life.

With that, he twisted his Girdle at me like a Rope,
as who should say,

Now you may go hang yourself for me, and so went
away.

Well, I thought I should have swoon'd ; *Lord*, said
I, what shall I do ?

I have lost my *Money*, and shall lose my *True-Love* too.
Then my *Lord* call'd me ; *Harry*, said my *Lord*,
don't cry,

I'll give something towards thy Loss ; and says my
Lady so will I.

Oh! but, said I, what if after all my Chaplain won't
come to?

For that, he said (an't please your *Excellencies*) I must
Petition you.

The Premises tenderly considered, I desire your *Excellencies* Protection.

And that I may have a Share in next *Sunday's* Collection:
And over and above, that I may have your *Excellencies* Letter,

With an Order for the *Chaplain* aforesaid; or, instead
of him, a better:

And then your poor *Petitioner*, both Night and Day,
Or the *Chaplain* (for 'tis his *Trade*) as in Duty bound,
shall ever *Pray*.

The CREMONA FIDDLE.

A Celebrated SONG.

To the Tune of the Abbot of Canterbury.

YE Lads and ye Lasses that live at *Longleat*,
Where, they say, there's no End of good Drink
and good Meat,

Where the Poor fill their Bellies, the Rich receive
Honour,

So great and so good is the Lord of the Manor;

Derry down, &c.

Ye Nymphs, and ye Swains, that inhabit the Place,
Give ear to my Song of a Fidler's hard Case;
For it is of a Fiddle, sweet Fiddle I sing,
A softer and sweeter did never wear String.

Mel-

Melpomene, lend me the Aid of thy Art,
Whilst I the sad Fate of this Fiddle impart ;
For never had Fiddle a Fortune so bad ;
Which shows the best Things the worst Fortune have
had.

This Fiddle of Fiddles, when it came to be try'd,
Was as sweet as a Lark, and as soft as a Bride ;
This Fiddle to see, and its Musick to hear,
Gave Delight to the Eye, while it ravish'd the Ear.

But first, I must sing of this Fiddle's Country ;
'Twas born, and 'twas bred in fair *Italy* ;
In a Town where the Marshal of *France* had the Hap
(*Fortune de la Guerre*) to be caught in a Trap.

And now, having sung of this Fiddle's high Birth,
I shou'd sing of the Fingers which made so much Mirth ;
But Fingers so strait, so swift and so small,
Shou'd be sung by a Poet, or not sung at all.

Tho' I am, God wot, but a poor Country Swain,
And cannot indite in so lofty a Strain ;
So all I can say, is to tell you once more,
Such Hands and such Fingers were ne'er seen before.

Having sung of the Fingers and Fiddle, I trow,
You'll hold it but meet I shou'd sing of the Bow ;
The Bow it was Ebon, whose Virtue was such,
It wounded your Heart, if your Ear it did touch.

Cupid

Cupid fain wou'd have chang'd with this Bow for a
while;

To which the coy Nymph thus replv'd with a Smile,
My Bow is far better than your's, I'll appeal;
Your's only can kill, mine can both kill and heal.

This Fiddle, and Bow, and its Musick together,
Wou'd make heavy Hearts as light as a Feather:
But, alas! when I shall its Catastrophe sing,
Your Heart it will bleed, and your Hands you will ring.

This Fiddle was laid on a soft easy Chair,
Taking all for its Friends its sweet Musick did hear;
When streight there came in a huge masculine Bum,
I wish the De'il had it to make him a Drum.

Now woe to the Bum, that this Fiddle demolish'd,
That has all our Musick, and Pastime, abolish'd;
May it never want Birch, to be switch'd and be slash'd;
May it ever be itching, and never be scratch'd.

May it never break Wind in the Cholick so
grievous;
A Penance too small, for a Crime so mischievous;
Ne'er find a soft Cushion its Anguish to ease,
While all is too little, my Wrath to appease.

Of other Bum-scapes may it still bear the Blame,
Ne'er shew its bare Face, without Sorrow or Shame;
May

May it ne'er mount on Horseback without Loss of
Leather,
Which brings me almost to the End of my Tether.

And now, lest some Critick of deep Penetration
Shou'd attack our poor Ballad with grave Annotation,
The Fop must be told, without speaking in Riddle,
He must first make a better, or kiss this Bum-fiddle.

Derry down, &c.

The Fair N U N. A TALE.

WE sage *Cartesians*, who profess,
Our selves sworn Foes to Emptiness,
Assert that Souls a Tip-toe stand
On what we call the *Pineal Gland*;
As Weather-Cocks on Spires are plac'd,
To turn the quicker with each Blast.

This granted, can you think it strange
We all shou'd be so prone to change;
Ev'n from the Go-Cart, 'till we wear
A Sattin Cap 'th' Elbow Chair?
The Follies that the Child began,
Custom makes currant in the Man;
And firm by Livery and Seisin,
Holds the Fee-simple of his Reason.

But still the Gifts of Love we find
Blow strongest on a Woman's Mind:
Nor need I learnedly pursue
The latent Cause, th' Effect is true;

For

For proof of which, in Manner ample,
I mean to give you one Exmample.

Upon a Time (for so my Nurse,
Heav'n rest her Bones! began Discourse;
A lovely Nymph, and just Nineteen,
Began to languish with the Soleen.
She who had shone at Balls and Play,
In Gold Brocade extreamly Gay,
All on a sudden grew precise,
Declaim'd against the Growth of Vice,
A very *Prude* in half a Year;
And most believ'd she was sincere.
Necklace of Pearl no more she wears,
That's sanctify'd to count her Prayers.
Venus, and all her naked *Loves*,
The Reformado Nymph removes;
And *Magdalen*, with Saints and Martyrs,
Was plac'd in their respective Quarters.
Nor yet content, she cou'd not bear
The Rankness of the publick Air;
'Twas so infected with the Vice
Of luscious Songs, and Lover's Sighs.
So most devoutly wou'd be gone,
And strait profess her self a *Nun*.

A Youth of Breeding and Address,
And call him *Thyrsis* if you please,
Who had some Wealth to recompence
His slender Dividend of Sense:
Yet cou'd with little Thought and Care
Write tender Things to please the Fair;

And

And then successively did grow
 From a half-wit, a finish'd Beau;
 (For Fops thus naturally rise,
 As Maggots turn to Butterflies.)
 This Spark, as Story tells, before
 Had held with Madam an Amour;
 Which he resolving to pursue,
 Exactly took the proper cue;
 And on the Wings of Love he flies
 To Lady Abbess in Disguise;
 And tells her he had brought th' Advowson
 Of Soul and Body to dispose on.
 Old Sanctity, who nothing fear'd
 In Petticoats without a Beard,
 Fond of a Profelyte, and Fees,
 Admits the Fox among the Geese.

Here Duty, Wealth, and Honour prove,
 Tho' three to one, too weak for *Love*:
 And to describe the War throughout,
 Wou'd make a glorious Piece no doubt:
 Where moral Virtues might be slain,
 And rise, and fight, and fall again:
Love shou'd a bloody Myrtle wear,
 And, like *Camilla*, fierce and fair,
 The Nun shou'd charge.—But I forbear.

All human Joys, tho' sweet in tasting,
 Are seldom (more's the Pity!) lasting:
 The Nymph had Qualms, her Cheeks were pale,
 Which others thought th' Effects of Zeal.

PART II.

I.

But

But she, poor she, began to doubt,
 (Best knowing what she'd been about ;)
 The Marriage Earnest-penny lay
 And burnt her Pocket, as we say.
 She now invokes, to ease her Soul,
 The Dagger and the poison'd Bowl ;)
 And, self-condemn'd for Breach of Vow,
 To lose her Life and Honour too,
 Talk'd in as tragical a Strain, as
 Your craz'd *Menimia's* and *Roxana's*.

But as she in her Cell lay sighing,
 Distracted, weeping, drooping, dying,
 The Fiend, (who never wants Address
 To succour Damsels in Distress)
 Appearing, told her he perceiv'd
 The fatal Cause for which she griev'd ;
 But promis'd her *en Cavalier*,
 She shou'd be freed from all her Fear ;
 And with her *Thyrsis* lead a Life
 Devoid of all Domestick Strife,
 If she wou'd sign a certain Scrawl——
 Ay, that he wou'd, if that was all.
 She sign'd, and he engag'd to do
 Whate'er she pleas'd to set him to.

The Criticks must excuse me now ;
 They both were freed, no matter how :
 For when we *Epic* Writers use
 Machines to disengage the Muse,
 We're clean acquit of all Demands,
 The Matter's left in abler Hands ;

And

And if they cannot lose the Knot,
Sou'd we be censur'd? I think not.

The Scene thus alter'd, both were gay,
For Pomp and Pleasures who but they,
Who might do ev'ry thing but pray?
Madam in her gilt Chariot flaunted,
And *Pug* brought ev'ry thing she wanted;
A Slave devoted to her Will:
But Women will be wav'ring still.
Ev'n Vice without Variety
Their squeamish Appetites will cloy.
And having stol'n from Lady Abbess
One of our merry modern *Rabbies*,
She found a Trick she thought wou'd pass,
And prove the Devil but an Ass.

His next Attendance happen'd right
Amidst a moonless stormy Night,
When Madam and her Spouse together,
Guess'd at his coming by the Weather.
He came: To Night, says he, I drudge
To fetch a *Heriot* for a Judge;
A gouty nine-i'th' hundred Knave:
But, Madam, do you want your Slave?
I need not presently be gone,
Because the Doctors have not done.
A rosy Vicar and a Quack
Repuls'd me in my last Attack;
But all in vain, for mine he is;
A Fig for both the Faculties.

The Dame produces a single Hair,
 But whence it came I cannot swear;
 Yet this I will affirm is true,
 It curl'd like any Bottle-Scruce.
 Sir Nic, quoth she, you know us all,
 We Ladies are fantastical:
 You see this Hair—*Yes, Madam—Pray*
 In Presence of my Husband stay,
 And make it strait: or else you grant
 Our solemn League and Covenant
 Is void in Law.—*It is, I own it:*
 And so he sets to work upon it.

He tries, not dreaming of a Cheat,
 If wetting wou'd not do the feat:
 And 'twas, in truth, a proper Notion;
 But still it kept th' elastic Motion.
 Well! more ways may be found than one,
 To kill a Witch that will not drown.

If I, quoth he, conceive it's Nature,
 This Hair has flourish'd nigh the Water.
 'Tis crisp'd with Cold, perhaps, and then
 The Fire will make it strait again.
 In haste he to the Fire applies it,
 And turns it round and round, and eyes it,
 Heigh jingo, worse than 'twas before!
 The more it warms it twirls the more.
 He stamp'd his cloven Foot, and chaf'd:
 The Husband and the Lady laugh'd.

Howe'er he fancy'd sure enough
 He shou'd not find it Hammer-proof.

No Cyclops e'er at work was warmer,
At forging Thunder-Bolts or Armour,
Than *Satan* was: But all in vain!
Again he beats.—It curls again!
At length he bellow'd in a Rage,
'This Hair will take me up an Age.
'This take an Age! The Husband swore,
Z—ds Betty has five hundred more.
More! Take your Bond, quoth *Pug*; adieu,
'Tis Loss of Time to ply for you.

The GODS in Masquerade.

A Popish TALE.

IN ancient Times, as Story tells,
The Saints would often leave their Cells,
And strol about, but hide their Quality,
To try good People's Hospitality.

It happen'd on a Winter Night,
As Authors of the Legend write,
Two Brother Hermits, Saints by Trade,
Taking their *Tour* in Masquerade;
Disguis'd in tatter'd Habits, went
To a small Village down in *Kent*:
Where, in the Strolers canting Strain,
They begg'd from Door to Door in vain;
Try'd ev'ry Tone might Pity win,
But not a Soul would let them in.

Our wand'ring Saints in woful State,
Treated at this ungodly Rate;

Having

Having thro' all the Village pass'd,
To a small Cottage came at last:
Where dwelt a good old honest Yeoman,
Call'd in the Neighbourhood, *Philemon*.
Who kindly did the Saints invite
In his poor Hut to pass the Night;
And then the hospitable Sire
Bid Goody *Baucis* mend the Fire;
While he from out of Chimney took
A Flitch of Bacon off the Hook;
And freely from the fattest Side
Cut out large Slices to be fry'd:
Then slept aside to fetch 'em Drink,
Fill'd a large Jug up to the Brink;
And saw it fairly twice go round:
Yet (what is wonderful) they found
'Twas still replenish'd to the Top,
As if they ne'er had touch'd a Drop.
The good old Couple were amaz'd,
And often on each other gaz'd:
For both were frighted to the Heart,
And just began to cry;—What art!
Then softly turn'd aside to view,
Whether the Lights were burning blue.
The gentle *Pilgrims* soon aware on't,
Told e'm their calling, and their Errant:
Good Folks, you need not be afraid,
We are but *Saints*, the Hermits said;
No hurt shall come to you, or yours;
But, for that Pack of churlish Boors,

Not fit to live on Christian Ground,
They and their Houses shall be drown'd :
Whilst you shall see your Cottage rise,
And grow a Church before your Eyes.

They scarce had spoke ; when fair and soft,
The Roof began to mount aloft ;
Aloft rose ev'ry Beam and Rafter,
The heavy Wall climb'd slowly after.
The Chimney widen'd, and grew higher,
Became a Steeple with a Spire.

The Kettle to the Top was hoist,
And there stood fast'ned to a Joist :
But with the Upside-down, to shew
Its Inclination for below :
In vain ; for a superior Force
Apply'd at Bottom, stops its Course,
Doom'd ever in Suspence to dwell,
'Tis now no Kettle, but a Bell.

A wooden Jack, which had almost
Lost, by Disuse, the Art to roast,
A sudden Alteration feels,
Increas'd by new intestine Wheels :
And, what exalts the Wonder more,
The Number made the Motion slow'r.
The Flyer, tho't had leaden Feet,
Turn'd round so quick, you scarce could see't ;
But slacken'd by some secret Power,
Now hardly moves an Inch an Hour.
The Jack and Chimney near ally'd,
Had never left each other's Side ;

The Chimney to a Steeple grown,
 The Jack wou'd not be left alone,
 But up against the Steeple rear'd,
 Became a Clock, and still adher'd:
 And still its Love to Household Cares
 By a shrill Voice at Noon declares,
 Warning the Cock-maid, not to burn
 The Roast-meat which it cannot turn.
 The groaning Chair began to crawl
 Like an huge Snail along the Wall;
 There stuck aloft, in publick View,
 And with small Change, a Pulpit grew.
 The Porringers, that in a Row
 Hung high, and made a glitt'ring Show,
 To a less noble Substance chang'd,
 Were now but Leathern Buckets rang'd.

The Ballads pasted on the Wall,
 Of *Joan of France*, and *English Moll*,
 Fair *Resamond*, and *Robin Hood*,
 The little *Children in the Wood*;
 Now seem'd to look abundance better,
 Improv'd in Picture, Size, and Letter;
 And high in Order plac'd, describe
 The Heraldry of ev'ry Tribe.

A Bedstead of the antique Mode,
 Compact of Timber many a Load,
 Such as our Ancestors did use,
 Was metamorphos'd into Pews;
 Which still their ancient Nature keep,
 By lodging Folks dispos'd to Sleep.

The Cottage by such Feats as these,
Grown to a Church by just Degrees,
The Hermits then desir'd their Host
To ask for what he fancy'd most :
Philemon, having paus'd awhile,
Return'd 'em Thanks in homely Stile ;
Then said, my House is grown so fine,
Methinks, I still would call it mine :
I'm old, and fain would live at Ease,
Make me the *Parson*, if you please.

He spoke, and presently he feels
His Grazier's Coat fall down his Heels ;
He sees, yet hardly can believe,
About each Arm a Pudding-Sleeve :
His Waistcoat to a Cassock grew,
And both assum'd a Sable Hue ;
But being old, continu'd just
As Thread-bare, and as full of Dust.
His Talk was now of *Tythes* and *Dues*,
Could smoke his Pipe, and read the News ;
Knew how to preach old Sermons next,
Vampt in the Preface and the Text ;
At Christnings well could act his Part,
And had the Service all by Heart ;
Wish'd Women might have Children fast,
And thought whose Sow had farrow'd last :
Against *Dissenters* would repine,
And stood up firm for *Right Divine* :
Found his Head fill'd with many a System,
But *Classick Authors*—he ne'er miss'd 'em.

'Thus having furbish'd up a Parson,
 Dame *Baucis* next, they play'd their Farce on :
 Instead of Home-spun Coifs were seen,
 Good Pinners edg'd with Colberteen :
 Her Petticoat transform'd apace,
 Became black Sattin flounc'd with Lace,
 Plain *Goody* would no longer down,
 'Twas *Madam*, in her grogram Gown.
Philemon was in great Surprize,
 And hardly could believe his Eyes,
 Amaz'd to see her looks so Prim,
 And she admir'd as much at him.

Thus, happy in their Change of Life,
 Were several Years this Man and Wife.
 When on a Day, which prov'd their last,
 Discourfing on old Stories past,
 They went by chance, amidst their Talk,
 To the Church-yard to take a Walk ;
 When *Baucis* hastily cry'd out,
 My Dear, I see your Forehead sprout,
 Sprout, quoth the Man, What's this you tell us?
 I hope you dont believe me jealous :
 But yet, methinks, I feel it true ;
 And really, yours is budding too—
 Nay,—now I cannot stir my Foot :
 It feels as if 'twere taking Root.

Description would but tire my Muse ?
 In short, they both were turned to *Yews*.
 Old Goodman *Dobson* of the Green
 Remembers he the Trees has seen ;

He'll talk of them from Noon to Night,
And goes with Folks to shew the Sight:
On *Sundays*, after Evening Prayer,
He gathers all the Parish there,
Points out the Place of either *Yew*;
Here *Baucis*, there *Philemon* grew.
Till once, a Parson of our Town,
To mend his Barn, cut *Baucis* down;
At which, 'tis hard to be believ'd,
How much the other Tree was griev'd,
Grew Scrubby, dy'd a-top, was stunted:
So, the next Parson stubb'd and burnt it.

A GRUBSTREFT ELEGY on the Death
of PARTRIDGE the Almanack-Maker.

WELL, 'tis as *Bickerstaff* has guess,
Tho' we all took it for a Jest:
Partridge is Dead, nay more, he died
E'er he could prove the good *Squire* ly'd.
Strange, an Astrologer should die,
Without one Wonder in the Sky;
Not one of all his *Crony* Stars,
To pay their Duty at his Hearse;
No Meteor, no Eclipse appear'd!
No Comet with a flaming Beard!
The Sun has rose, and gone to Bed,
Just as if *Partridge* were not Dead;

Nor hid himself behind the Moon,
 To make a dreadful Night at Noon :
 He at fit Periods walks through *Aries*,
 Howe'er our earthly Motion varies,
 And 'twice a Year he'll cut th' *Æquator*,
 As if there has been no such Matter

Some Wits have wondred what Analogy
 There is 'twixt * *Cobling* and *Astrology* ;
 How *Partridge* made his *Opticks* rise,
 From a *Shoe Sole* to reach the Skies.

A *List* the Coblers Temples ties,
 To keep the Hair out of their Eyes ;
 From whence 'tis plain the *Diadem*
 That Princes wear derives from them ;
 And therefore *Crowns* are now a-days
 Adorn'd with *Golden Stars* and *Rays*,
 Which plainly shews the near Alliance
 'Twixt *Cobling* and the *Planets Science*.

Besides, that slow-pac'd Sign *Bo-otes*
 As 'tis miscall'd, we know not who 'tis ;
 But *Partridge* ended all Disputes,
 He new his Trade, and call'd it † *Boots*.

The *Horned Moon* which heretofore
 Upon their Shoes the *Romans* wore,
 Whose wideness kept their Toes from Corns,
 And whence we claim our *Shooing-Horns*,
 Shews how the Art of *Cobling* bears
 A near Resemblance to the *Spheres*.

* *Partridge was a Cöbler.* * *See his Almanack.*

A Scrap of *Parchment* hung by *Geometry*,
A great Refinement in *Barometry* ;
Can like the Stars foretel the Weather ;
And what is *Parchment* else but *Leather* ?
Which an *Astrologer* might use,
Either for *Almanacks* or *Shoes*.

Thus *Partridge*, by his Wit and Parts,
At once did practise both these Arts :
And as the Boading Owl, (or rather
The Bat, because her Wings are *Leather*)
Steals from her private Cell by Night,
And flies about the Candle-Light,
So learned *Partridge* could as well
Creep in the Dark from *Leathern* Cell,
And in his Fancy fly as far,
To peep upon a twinkling Star.

Besides, he could confound the *Spheres*,
And set the *Planets* by the Ears :
To shew his Skill, he *Mars* would join
To *Venus* in *Aspect Malign*,
Then call in *Mercury* for Aid,
And cure the the Wounds that *Venus* made.

Great Scholars have in *Lucian* read,
When *Philip* King of *Greece* was dead,
His *Soul* and *Spirit* did divide,
And each Part took a different Side ;
One rose a Star, the other fell
Beneath, and mended Shoes in Hell.
Thus *Partridge* still shines in each Art,
The Cobbling and Star-gazing Part,

And is *Install'd* as good a Star,
As any of the *Cæsars* are.

Triumphant Star ! some *Pitty* shew
On *Coblers Militant* below,
Whom requish Boys in stormy Nights
Torment, by pissing out their Lights ;
Or thro' a Chink convey their Smoke,
Inclos'd *Artificers* to choke.

Thou, high exalted in the Sphere,
May'st follow still thy calling there.
To thee the *Bull* will lend his *Hide*,
By *Phæbus* newly tann'd and dry'd.
For thee they *Argo's* Hulk will tax,
And scrape her pitchy Sides for *Wax*.
Then *Ariadne* kindly lends
Her braided Hair to make thee *Ends* ;
The Point of *Sagittarius* Dart
Turns to an *Awl*, by heavenly Art ;
And *Vulcan* wheedled by his Wife,
Will forge for thee a *Paring-Knife*.
For want of room by *Virgo's* Side,
She'll strain a Point, and sit * astride
To take thee kindly in *between*,
And then the *Signs* will be *Thirteen*.

* Tibi brachia contrahet Ingens Scorpheus, &c.

The EPITAPH.

HERE, Five Foot deep, lies on his Back
A Cobler, Starmonger, and Quack,
Who to the Stars in pure Good-will,
Does to his best look upwards still.
Weep all you Customers that use
His Pills, his Almanacks, or Shoes.
And you that did your Fortunes seek,
Step to his Grave but once a Week,
This Earth which bears his Body's Print,
You'll find has so much Virtue in't,
That I durst pawn my Ears, 'twill tell
Whate'er concerns you full as well
In Physick, Stolen Goods, or Love,
As he himself, could, when above.

A YORKSHIRE TALE.

COME hither, good People, both aged and young,
And give your Attention to my merry Song;
I'll sing you a true one, and not hold you long,
With a down, down, down, up and down, derry, derry,
derry, down, up and down, derry, derry down.
A Parson there was, and whose Name I cou'd tell,
But suppose I do not, it is full as well,
Whose Wife did all Yorkshire in Beauty excel,
With a down, &c.
He

Her Texture so perfect, her Eyes black as Sloe,
Her Hair curling shone, and like Jet it did flow,
Which often denotes 'tis the same Thing below ;

With a down, &c.

A sprightly young Spark she had smitten so deep,
Nor Day had he Quiet, nor Night cou'd he sleep,
Which made him think how, to her Bed he should
creep,

With a down, &c.

Affluence he wanted and then did unbend
His Mind to a Brother, before a good Friend,
Who said, fear not *Wat*, thou shalt compass thy End,

With a down, &c.

In Women's Apparel drefs out, and be gay,
I'll venture my Life on't, 'twill be a sure Way,
If you condescend but to what I shall say,

With a down, &c.

And thus to the Parson's this Couple rode on :
Dear Doctor, says *Frank*, here's a Thing to be done,
Which Office perform'd, I shall gratefully own.

With a down, &c.

This Lady, that long has Love's Passion defy'd,
And all my Addresses so often deny'd,
Will now make me happy by being my Bride,

With a down, &c.

'Tis past the Canonical Hour, said he,
And till the next Morning you know it can't be,
And then I'll attend you, Sir, most readily.

With a down, &c.

Says

Says *Frank*, I confess, Sir, you are perfectly right ;
But here lies the Hardship, we can't, while 'tis Light
Get to the next Town for a Lodging to-night,

With a down, &c.

Take no Care of that, Sir, for thus it shall be,
The Lady, if she thinks it fit to agree,
Shall lie with my Dearest, and you lie with me,

With a down, &c.

You so much oblige me in what you now say,
I hope in Return I shall find out away
Such generous Kindness with thanks to repay,

With a down, &c.

This being agreed on, both Sides did consent
To put the Glas round, and the Evening was spent
In Mirth and good Cheer, then to Bed they all went,

With a down, &c.

No sooner in Bed then, but with a bold Grace,
Watt, full of Desire, thus open'd the Case,
Dear Madam, says he, I must—then did embrace,

With a down, &c.

Confounded she lay, and not able to speak,
To think how these Wags had deceiv'd her and *Dick* ;
But at last she was pleas'd with the Frolick and Trick,

With a down, &c.

He pleas'd her so well, that transported she lay,
Contriving and plotting for his longer Stay,
Which thus to her Husband she form'd the next Day,

With a down, &c.

This Lady, my Dearest, last Night full of Grief,
Ost' hug'd me, and told me, I can't for my Life
Consent, tho' I've promis'd him to be his Wife,

With a down, &c.

To-morrow, said she, and then freely went on,
Tho' I love him, my Heart tells me I must be gone,
If so, the poor Man you know may be undone,

With a down, &c.

Now how to prevent this I'll think of a Way,
If I can perswade her some Time for to stay,
And that's a good Office, I'm sure you will say.

With a down, &c.

'Tis so, my dear Creature ; pray do what you can,
To please her, and bring her to Humour again,
And I'll do my best to divert the poor Man,

With a down, &c.

The Plot so well taken made both their Hearts bound,
All Night and all Day too, whenever they found
Convenience for Pastime, her Pleasure he crown'd,

With a down, &c.

And thus my Friend *Watt* his full Swing did obtain,
The Wife too in Transport a whole Week did reign,
And the Man, ne'er the worse, had his Mare back again,

With a down, &c.

The A la Mode COUPLE.

MY better self, my Heav'n, my Joy !
While thus imparadis'd I lie,

Transf-

Transported in thy circling Arms
With fresh Variety of Charms ;
From Fate I scarce can think to crave
A Bliss, but what in thee I have.
Twelve Months, my Dear, have past, since thou
Didst plight to me thy Virgin Vow ;
Twelve Months in Rapture spent ! for they
Seem shorter than St. *Lucy's* Day :
A bright Example we shall prove
Of lasting Matrimonial Love.

Mean while, I beg the Gods to grant
(The only Favour that I want)
That I may not survive to see
My Happiness expire with thee.
O ! shou'd I lose my dearest Dear,
By thee, and all that's good, I swear,
I'd give myself the fatal Blow ;
And wait thee to the World below-

When *Whedde* thus to Spouse in Bed,
Spoke the best Things he e'er had read ;
Madam surpriz'd, (you must suppose it)
Had lock'd the Templer in the Closet ;
A Youth of pregnant Parts, and Worth,
To play at *Picquet*, and so forth—
This Wag, when he had heard the whole,
Demurely to the Curtains stole :
And peeping in, with solemn Tone
Cry'd out, O *Man ! Thy Days are done :*
The Gods are fearful of the worst,
And send me, Death, to fetch thee first ;

To save their Fav'rite from Self-murder.

Lo! thus I execute their Order.

Hold, Sir, for second Thoughts are best,

The Husband cry'd ; 'tis my Request

With Pleasure to prolong my Life.—

Your Meaning ?—Pray, Sir, take my Wife.

A Description of the MORNING.

Written in London.

NOW hardly here and there an Hackney Coach
 Appearing, shew'd the ruddy Morn's Approach
 Now *Betty* from her Master's Bed had flown,
 And softly stole to discompose her own.
 The Slipshod 'Prentice from his Master's Door,
 Had par'd the Dirt, and sprinkled round the Floor.
 Now *Moll* had whirl'd her Mop with dext'rous Airs,
 Prepar'd to scrub the Entry and the Stairs.
 The Youth with Broomy Stumps began to trace
 The Kennel-Edge, where Wheels had worn the Place.
 The Small-coal-Man was heard with Cadence deep,
 'Till drown'd in shriller Notes of Chimney Sweep.
 Duns at his Lordship's Gate began to meet,
 And Brick-duft *Moll* had scream'd through half the
 Street.

The Turnkey now his flock returning sees,

Duly let out a-Nights to steal for Fees.

The watchful Bailiffs take their silent Stands,

And School-Boys lag with Satchels in their Hands.

A Def-

A Description of a CITY SHOWER.

CAREFUL Observers may foretel the Hour
 (By sure Prognosticks) when to dread a Show'r :
 While Rain depends, the pensive Cat gives o'er
 Her Frolicks, and pursues her Tail no more.
 Returning home at Night, you'll find the Sink
 Strike your offended Sense with double Stink.
 If you be wise, then go not far to Dine,
 You'll spend in Coach-hire more than save in Wine.
 A coming Show'r your shooting Corns preface,
 Ald aches throb, your hallow Tooth will rage.
 Sauntring in Coffee-House is *Dulman* seen ;
 He damns the Climate, and complains of Spleen.
 Mean while the South rising with dabbled Wings,
 A Sable Cloud athwart the Welkin flings,
 That swill'd more Liquor than it could contain,
 And like a Drunkard gives it up again.
 Brisk *Susan* whips her Linen from the Rope,
 While the first drizzling Show'r is born aslope,
 Such is that sprinkling which some careless Quean
 Flirts on you from her Mop, but not so clean.
 You fly, invoke the Gods ; then turning, stop
 To rail ; she singing, still whirls on her Mop.
 Not yet, the Dust had shun'd th' unequal Strife,
 But aided by the Wind, fought still for Life ;
 And waisted with its Foe by violent Gust,
 'Twas doubtful which was Rain, and which was Dust.

Ah !

Ah ! where must needy Poet seek for Aid,
 When dust and Rain at once his Coat invade ;
 His only Coat, were Dust confus'd with Rain,
 Roughen the Nap, and leave a mingled Stain.

Now in contiguous Drops the Flood comes down,
 Threat'ning with Deluge this *devoted* Town.
 To Shops in Crowds the daggled Females fly,
 Pretend to cheapen Goods but nothing buy.
 The Templer spruce, while ev'ry Spout's a broach,
 Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a Coach.
 The tuck'd-up Sempstress walks with hasty Strides,
 While Streams run down her oil'd Umbrella's Sides.
 Here various Kinds by various Fortunes led,
 Commence Acquaintance underneath a Shed.
 Triumphant Tories, and desponding Whigs,
 Forget their Feuds, and join to save their Wigs.
 Box'd in a Chair the Beau impatient sits,
 While Spouts run clatt'ring o'er the Roof by Fits ;
 And ever and anon with frightful Din
 The Leather sounds, he trembles from within.
 So when *Troy* Chair-Men bore the wooden Steed.
 Pregnant with *Greeks*, impatient to be freed :
 Those Bully *Greeks*, who, as the Moderns do,
 Instead of paying Chair-Men, run them thro')
Laocoon struck the Outside with his Spear,
 And each imprison'd Hero quak'd for Fear.

Now from all Parts the swelling Kennels flow,
 And bear their Trophies with them as they go :
 Filth of all Hues and Odours seem to tell
 What Street they sail'd from, by their Sight and Smell;
 They

They, as each Torrent drives, with rapid Force
From *Smithfield*, or *St. Pulchre's* shape their Course,
And in huge confluence join'd at *Snow-Hill Ridge*,
Fall from the *Conduit* prone to *Holborn-Bridge*.
Sweepings from Butchers Stalls, Dung, Guts, and
Blood,
Drown'd Puppies, stinking Sprats, all drench'd in
Mud,
Dead Cats and Turnip-tops come tumbling down
the Flood.

*A TALE, devised in the Plesant manere
of gentil Maister Jeoffrey Chaucer,*

WHYLOM in *Kent* there dwelt a Clerke,
Who wyth grete Cheer and litil Werke,
Upswalen was with *Venere* :
For meagre *Lent* ne recked he,
Ne *Saincts Daies* had in Remembraunce.
Mo will had he to *Daliaunce*.
To ferchen out a *Bellamie*,
He had a sharp and licorous Eye ;
But it wold bett abide a *Leke*,
Or *Onion*, than the Sight of *Greke* :
Wherefore, God yeve him Shame, *Boccace*
Serv'd him for *Bafil* and *Ignace*.
His vermeil Cheke that shon wyth Mirth,
Spake him the blithest Priest on Yearth :

At

At Chyrch, to shew his lillie hond,
 Full fetoufly he prank'd his Bond ;
 Sleke were his flaxen Locks ykempt,
 And *Isaac Weaver* was he nempt,

Thilke Clerke echaufed in the Groyne,
 For a yonge Damosell did pyne,
 Born in *East-Cheape* ; who, by my Fay,
 Ypert was as a Popinjay :
 Ne Wit, ne Wordes did she waunt,
 Wele cond she many a Romaunt ;
 Ore Muscadine, or spiced Ale,
 She carrold foote as Nightingale :
 And for the nonce coud rowle her Eyne,
 Withouten Speche ; a special Signe
 She lack'd someele of what ech Dame
 Holds dere as Life, yet dredes to Name :
 So was eftsoons by *Isaac* won,
 To blisful Consummation.

Here mought I now tellen the Festes,
 Who yave the Bryde, how bibbd the Ghestes ;
 But withouten such Gawdes, I trow
 Myne Legend is prolix ynow.
 Ryghte wele areeds Dan *Prior's* Song,
 A Tale shoud never be too long :
 And fikerly in fayre *England*
 None bett doeth Taling understond

She now, algates full sad to chaunge
 The Citee for her Husband's Graunge,
 To *Kent* mote; for she wele did knowe
 Twas vaine ayenst the Streame to rowe.

So wend they on one Steed afere
Each cleping toder Life and Dere;
Heven fhilde hem fro myne *Bromley* Hofst,
Or many a Groat theyr Meel woll cofst.

Deem next ye Maifters *Wever* fene
Yclad in fable *Brombafine*;
The *Frankleins* Wyves accoft her blythe
Curteis to guilen hem of Tythe;
And yeve Honour Parochiall
In Pew and eke at Fefativall.
Worfchip and Welth her Husband hath ;
Ne poor in aught fave Werks and Faith.
Kepes Bull, Bore, Stallion, to difpence
Large Pennorth, of Benevolence.
His Berne yerammed was, and ftore
Of Poultrie cackled at the Dore ;
His Wyf grete Joie to fede hem toke,
And was aftonied at the Cocke ;
That, in his Portaunce debonair,
On everich Henn beftow'd a Share
Of Pleafaunce, yet no Genitours
She faw, to thrill his Paramours :
Ofsfiths fhe mokel mus'd theron,
Yet nift fhe howgates it was don.

One Night, ere they to fleepen went,
Her *Ifaac* in her Arms fhe hent,
As was her Ufage ; and did faie,
Of Charite I mote thee praie,
To techen myne unconnyng Wit
One thing it comprehendeth niet :

PART II.

O

And

And maie the foul Friend harrow thee,
If in myne quest thou falsen me.

Our *Chaunticlere* loves everich Hen,
Ne fewer kepes our Yerd than ten;
Yet romps he ore beth grete and small,
Ne ken I what he swinks wythall.
But on each Leg a Wepon is.
Yperfent, and full starke I wys;
Doth he with hem at *Pertelote* play?
In sooth theres Werk inough for tway.

Qd. *Isaac* certes by Sainct *Poule*,
Myne Lief thou art a simple Soule;
Foules fro the Eagle to the Wren,
Bin harness'd othergise than Men:
For the Males Engins of Delite,
Ferre in theyr Entrails are empight;
Els, par mischaunce, their Merriment
Emong the Breers mought fore be shent.
Thus woxen hote, they much avaunce
Love of Venereal Jouisaunce:
And in one Month, the Trough to sayne,
Swink mo than Manhode in Yeres twayne.

O *Benedicite*! qd. she,
If kepying hote so kindlych be,
Hie in thyne Boweles trufs theyne Gore,
And eke the Skrippe that daungleth here.

Ne Dame, he answer'd, mote that bene;
For as I hope to be a Dene,
Thilke *Falstaffe*-Bellie round and big.
Was built for corny Ale, and Pig;

Ne in it is a Chink for these,
Ne for a Wheat-straw, and tway Pease.

Pardie, qd. she, syth theres nat Room,
Swete Nykin! chafe hem in myne woom.

*Dean SWIFT's Character of the Late L—d
C—TTS; represented in the Description
of a SALAMANDER.*

AS Mastive Dogs in modern Phrase are
Call'd *Pompey*, *Scipio*, and *Cæsar* ;
As *Pyes* and *Daws* are often stil'd
With Christian Nick-names like a Child ;
As we say *Monsieur* to an *Ape*,
Without Offence to human Shape ;
So Men have got from Bird and Brute
Names that would best their Natures suit :
The *Lyon*, *Eagle*, *Fox* and *Boar*
Were Heroes Titles heretofore,
Bestow'd as Hi'roglyphicks fit
T' exprefs their Valour, Strength or Wit
For, what is understood by *Fame*
Beside the getting of a Name ?
But e'er since Men invented Guns,
A different way their Fancy runs :
To paint a Hero, we enquire
For something that will conquer Fire.
Would you describe *Turenne* or *Trump*,
Think of a Bucket or a Pump.

Are these to low?—then find out Grander,
Call my Lord C— a *Salamander*.

'Tis well.—But since we live among
Detractors with an evil Tongue,
Who may object against the Term,
Pliny shall prove what we affirm:
Pliny shall prove, and we'll apply,
And I'll be judg'd by Standers-by.

First then, our Author has defin'd
This Reptil, of the Serpent kind,
With gaudy Coat, and shining Train,
But loathsome Spots his Body stain:
Out from some Hole obscure he flies,
When Rains descend, and Tempests rise,
Till the Sun clears the Air; and then
Crawls back neglected to his Den.

So when the War has rais'd a Storm
I've seen a *Snake* in human Form,
All stain'd with Infamy and Vice,
Leap from the Dunghill in a trice,
Burnish and make a gaudy Show,
Become a General, Peer and Beau,
Till Peace hath made the Sky serene,
Then shrink into it's Hole again.

*All this we grant—why, then look yonder,
Sure that must be a Salamander!*

Farther, we are by *Pliny* told,
This *Serpent* is extremely cold,
So cold, that put it in the Fire,
'Twill make the very Flames expire



Beside,

Befide, it spues a filthy Froth,
(Whether thro' Rage, or Love, or both)
Of Matter perulent and white,
Which happen'd on the Skin to light,
And there corrupting to a Wound,
Spreads Leprosy and Baldness round.

So have I seen a batter'd Beau,
By Age and Claps grown cold as Snow,
Whose Breath or Touch, where e'er he came,
Blew out Love's Torch, or chill'd the Flame:
And should some Nymph who ne'er was cruel,
Like *Carleton* cheap, or fam'd *Duruel*,
Receive the Filth which he ejects,
She soon would find the same Effects
Her tainted Carcase to pursue,
As from the *Salamander's* Spue;
A dismal shedding of her Locks,
And, if no Leprosy, a Pox.

*Then I'll appeal to each By-stander,
Whether this ben't a Salamander?*

The Exeter Maidens PETITION, *humbly ad-*
dress'd to the Hon. House of Commons.

S I R S,

WE, the *Maid*s of *Exon* City.

The *Maid*s, good lack! The more's the pity)
Do humbly offer this Petition,
To represent our sad Condition;

Which

Which once made known, our Hope and Trust is,
Your Honours will afford us Justice :
But lest our tender Sense of Wrongs,
And Volubility of Tongues,
Should make as trespass on your Leisure,
And specify it out of Measure ;
To save our Breath, and eke your Time,
We check our *fluent Speech* with Rhime.
Now you must know—ah ! can't you guess
The Subject of a *Maid's Distress* ?
(Plague on the *Widows* that compel us,
Thus to Petition for *young Fellows*)
But we were saying, you must know,
(Tho' blushing we declare our Woe)
A Virgin was defin'd by Nature
A weakly and imperfect Creature ;
So apt to fall, so apt to stray,
Her *Wants* require a *Guide*, a *Stay* ;
And then, so timorous of Sprites,
She dares not lie alone at Nights ;
Say what she will, do what she can,
Her Heart still gravitates to Man ;
From whence, 'tis evident as Light,
That *Marriage* is a *Maiden's Right*,
And therefore 'tis prodigious hard.
To be from such a *Right* debarr'd :
Yet we (poor Souls) can't have the Freedom,
To get good *Men* howe'er we need 'em :
The *Widows*, Sirs ! the rankest *Goats*
That e'er polluted *Peticoats* ;

Those

Those *Plagues*, more odious than Small-Pox,
 Those *Jad's* more subtil than a Fox,
 Still cut us out, are still before us,
 And leave no Lovers to adore us ;
 Adore us ! laud, 'tis ten times worse,
 Duce take 'em—But we should not curse :
 For tho' our Number is not small,
 There hardly one amongst us all,
 Scarce one—'Tis true, as G—'s in *Glouc'ster*
 Can get a Youngster to accost her ;
 No single Creature e'er appear'd,
 That wore but *Breeches* and a *Beard*,
 But what they have him in a Minute ;
 Well, certainly there's *Witchcraft* in it,
 And all the *Devils* are but *Pimps*,
 To aid and succour these their *Imps* ;
 For tho' by straining all our Wits,
 Kind Looks, kind Words, and fainting Fits,
 We've brought a *Youngster* to the lure,
 And think the *Captive* now secure ;
 When the Ring glitters in our Eye,
 The *Lawyer's* call'd, the *Parson* nigh,
 Upstarts a *Widow* in the Way,
 And disappoints us of the Prey !
 By some curst *hocus pocus* Trick,
 The Lover leaves us in the Nick ;
 And on Confusion to confound,
 Is led directly to *Lob's-pound*.
 Besides, what makes it more provoking,
 The *Creatures* are for ever joking ;

Tho'

Tho' they've a thousand Time been told,
They need not be so pert and bold,
That could we have the Chance to try,
We would be Widows, or no why.
Thank Heav'n, we want not Will or Breath,
To kiss or talk a Spouse to death :
But when the spiteful Troop upbraids
Us, with the Title of *Old Maids*,
(The greatest Part of us we mean)
You well may think it moves our Spleen,
When we must suffer such Disgraces,
Or what is worse, display our Faces ;
For tho' they're naturally so green,
They can't be judg'd above fifteen ;
For what is green, but what is young ;
Yet if the *Widows* wag their Tongue,
'Till we afford 'em that Conviction,
E'en let them wag *sans* Contradiction.
But why *old Maids*, for Goodness sake,
Could they no likelier Scandal make ?
Since Time is so much at our Motion,
They cou'd not think to spread the Notion :
In spite of Registers and Nurses,
Whose Blunders earn our hearty Curses,
Obsequious to a Maiden's Will,
Old *Time* turns backwards, or stands still :
The Truth from frequent Facts appears,
Some have been twenty, twenty Years,
And some that reckon just a Score,
Were thirty, ten Years since, or more.

Need any Body now be told
That single Women can't grow old ?
We should despise their scurvy Carriage,
Did we not despair of Marriage,
Nor about Men make all this Fuss,
Were there enough for them and us;
But 'tis the Truth we represent t'ye,
Men are so scarce, and Maids so plenty,
That were each Man a Maid to wed,
Not one in thirty would be sped:
Then while the Widows interlope,
How can a Maiden live in hope ?
But sure your *Honours* will determine
Something against the greedy Vermin ;
For if the *Creatures* are allow'd,
To be so wanton and so proud,
We neither can have Health nor Quiet,
On *Assa foetida* must diet,
Gnaw on the Sheets, embrace the Pillow,
Or cut a Caper from a Willow.

But lest your *Honours* should surmise
That we, (more passionate than wise)
Make against *Widows* this Invective,
When 'tis the *Maids* that are defective,
We, under favour, come to shew,
That all that can be done, we do ;
We try each Shift, turn ev'ry Way,
Are never idle Night or Day.
Contriving or pursuing Schemes,
Not more when waking than in Dreams ;

In ev'ry Moment, ev'ry Place,
 We're doing something with a Grace ;
 In curt'sing, smiling, nodding, talking,
 In laughing, singing, dancing, walking,
 In romping, frowning, ogling, dressing,
 And fifty Things that want expressing ;
 At Home, Abroad ; o'er Snuff or Tea,
 We strive our Talents to display ;
 But sure the most becoming Airs,
 Are those one gives one's self at Pray'rs,
 And therefore nothing can be fitter,
 Than paying Visits to St. PETER *,
 Which ev'ry Maid more constant pays,
 Than Canons on Refection Days.
 Ah, Sirs ! 'twoud do you good to hear,
 Our exquisite Behaviour there !
 Well ! sure the Church is quite enchanting,
 Good Company—'tis never wanting :
 The Liturgy—why, one may venture,
 Rather than look like a Dissenter,
 Or sit and keep one's Eyes quite Idle,
 To read a Bit towards the Middle ;
 The Postures and the Ordinances,
 Quite suited to the Ladies Fancies ;
 Then turning eastward to adore,
 (When we have shown our Charms before)
 'Tis own'd, w^h mighty well design'd
 To shew a P^retty's Shape behind ;
 An' the — figure, to lie perdue,
 With all the Company in View ;

* The Cathedral Church at Exon.

And modestly behind a Fan,
Explore the prettiest Gentleman!
While if his Sight inspires a Whim,
We pray more frequently for him.

The DYER of ROAN.

To the Tune of Old SIMON the King

IN good King *Lewis's* Land,
In a City of high Degree;
There liv'd a Dyer so grand,
And a very good Dyer was he,
This Dyer was married, forsooth,
And married in Truth was he,
To a Maid in the Bloom of her Youth;
And she gave him some Jealousy.

In vain had he sought to discover,
What he little desir'd to see,
Never dreaming his Wife had a Lover
Of Monkey-fac'd Monsieur *P Abbé*.
He thought of a politick Way,
To bring all the Matter to light,
By his feigning a Journey one Day,
And by lying in Ambush at Night.

The Horses were brought to the Door,
Ev'ry Sign of a Journey appears,
Whilst his Wife (that dissembling Whore)
Was bedew'd in her Crocodile-Tears.

A thousand Grimaces she made,
To shew forth her Grief at his Parting ;
But that was the Trick of the Jade,
And regardless as old Women's Farting.

The Dyer was now out of Sight,
And prepar'd to discover the Treason ;
You will find he was much in the Right ;
And I'm going to tell you the Reason :
The Wife was no sooner alone,
But she sent for her Father-Confessor ;
He put his best Pantaloons on,
And he ran like the Devil to bless her.

The Damsel, with Smiles on her Face,
Met the Abbot and gave him a Kiss ;
But no Man wou'd have been in his Place,
If he had known of the Jerquer in Piss.
We now may suppose them together
Confessing and pressing each other ;
Bound fast, in Love's Thong of Whit-leather,
Was the Reverend Catholick Brother.

Some Hours were past at this Rate,
When the Husband, with *pass-per-tout* Keys,
Made no Scruple to open his Gate,
And caught napping the Hog in his Pease.

Father Abbot, quoth he (without Passion)
Is this your Church-way of Confession?
Altho' 'tis a Thing much in Fashion,
It is nevertheless a Transgression.

The Abbot, as you may believe,
Had but little to say for himself;
He knew well what he ought to receive,
For his being so arrant an Elf?
His Cloaths he got on with all Speed,
And conducted he was by the Dyer,
To be duckt (as you after may read)
And be cool'd from his amorous Fire.

Quoth the Dyer, most Reverend Father,
Since I find you're so hot upon Wenching,
I have gather'd my Servants together,
To give you a Taste of our Drenching.
Here—*Tom, Harry, Roger, and Dick,*
Take the Abbot, undress him, and douse him;
They obey'd in that very same Nick,
To the Dye-Vat they take him, and souse him.

To behold what a Figure he made,
Such a Monster there never was seen;
'Twas enough to make *Satan* afraid;
He was colour'd all over with Green.

The Dyer had Pleasure enough,
When he thought how he dy'd him for Life;
Twas much better than using him rough,
Since he only had lain with his Wife.

The Abbot was led to the Door,
And he took to his Heels in a Trice,
Never looking behind or before;
It was now not a Time to be nice,
'Tis reported by some of his Neighbours,
That he did not discover 'till Morning
The excellent Fruits of his Labours,
Nor the Colour he had for hi' Horning.

But, ~~by~~ Lack, when he came to the Glass,
And beheld such a strange Alteration,
He was dy'd of the Colour of Grass,
And had like to have dy'd with Vexation.
As this Stain can be never got out,
And the Abbot must lose the Church-Fleece;
Let him bear the Disgrace (like a Lout)
To be shewn for a Penny a-piece.

or, the Merry Mortal's Companion. III

The W A R M I N G - P A N,
A Song for the use of the Scotch Rebels.

Anno 1745.

WHEN *Jemmy* the Second, not *Jemmy* the
First,

With Vexation, and Poxes, and Impotence curs'd,
Saw the good Cause must End, which so well he be-
gun,

Swore the Church, since he could not, should get
him a Son.

Derry down, &c.

To work went the Church on her Majesty's Womb,
By her true Representatives, Friars from *K. . .*
But tho' they well warm'd her true Catholick Mettle,
They never could make the Meat boil in the Kettle.

Derry down, &c.

But since 'twas determin'd an Heir must be got,
No Matter from Kettle, from Pan, or from Pot,
In Miracles fertile, the Jesuit Clan,
Produc'd a brave Boy from a Brass Warming-Pan.

Derry down, &c.

But old *England*, quite harra's'd with *Stuarts* before,
Whether lawful or spurious, would now bear no more,
But, with little *Will's* Help, to's'd this Spawn of a
Friar,

From out of the Warming-Pan, into the Fire.

Derry down, &c.

Full

Full many a Year has the Badlard been nurs'd,
 By *Paris* and *Rome*, who engender'd him first,
 And now they have sent, to promote their old Plan,
 The Son, of the Son, of a Brass Warming-Pan.

Derry down, &c.

Oh! *Britons*, reflect, why you drove out the one,
 And dread the same Evils, or worse, from the Son;
 Quick, to *Paris* or *Rome*, make young *Perkin* retire,
 Or we're out of the Warming-Pan into the Fire.

Derry down, &c.

The SNIPE, or the Stinking FRIAR.

A S O N G.

To the Tune of, A Cobler there was, &c.

I'LL tell you a Story, a Story that's true,
 A Story that's dismal and comical too;
 It is of a *Friar*, who, some People think,
 Tho' as sweet as a Nut, might have dy'd of a Stink.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

This *Fryar* would often go out with his Gun,
 And tho' no good Marksman, he thought himself one;
 For tho' he forever was wont to run a Gun,
 Still something, but never himself, was to blame.

Derry down, &c.

It happen'd young *Peter*, a Friend of the *Fryar's*,
 With Legs arm'd with Leather, for fear of the Briers,
 Went out with him once, tho' it signifies not
 Where he hir'd his Gun, or who tick'd for the Shot.

Derry down, &c.

Away

Away these two trudg'd it o'er Hills and o'er Dales;
They popp'd at the *Partridges*, frighten'd the *Quails*;
But, to tell you the Truth, no great Mischief was
done,

Save spoiling the Proverb, as sure as a Gun.

Derry down, &c.

But at length a poor *Snipe* flew direct in the Way,
In open Defiance, as if he would say,

“ If only the *Fryar* and *Peter* are there,

“ I'll fly where I list, there's no Reason to fear.

Derry down, &c.

Tho' little thought he that his Death was so nigh,
Yet *Peter* by chance brought him down from on high:
His Shot was ramm'd down with a *Journal*, I wist,
The first Time he charg'd so improper with *Mist*.

Derry down, &c.

Then on both Sides the Speeches began to be made,
As—*I beg your Acceptance—O! no, Sir, Indeed—*
*I beg that you would, Sir,—*for both wisely knew,
That one *Snipe* could ne'er be a Supper for two.

Derry down, &c.

What the *Friar* declined in most civil Sort,
Peter slip't in his Pocket, (the De'el take him for't!)
But were the Truth known it would plainly appear,
He oft times had found a longer Bill much there.

Derry down, &c.

Thus hid in his Pocket the *Snipe* safely lay,
While a Week did pass over his Head, and a Day,

'Till the Rope for a Toast too offensive were grown,
And were melt out by ev'ry Nose but his own.

Derry down, &c.

The *Friar* look'd wholesome, it must be agreed,
So no one could say whence the Stink should proceed ;
Where the Stink might be laid, tho' no one cou'd say,
'Tis certain he brought it, and took it away.

Derry down, &c.

At sight of the *Friar* began the Perfume,
And scarce he appear'd, but he scented the Room ;
Snuff-Boxes were held in the highest Esteem,
And all the wry Faces were made where he came.

Derry down, &c.

As the Place he was in, it was call'd This and That ;
In his Room 'twas a Close-stool, or else a dead Rat ;
In the Fields where he walk'd for some Carrion 'twas
guest ;

'Twas a Fart at the *Angel*, and pass'd for a Jest.

Derry down, &c.

At length the Suspicion fell thick on poor *Tray*,
'Till he took to his Heels, and with speed ran away ;
Thought the *Friar*, poor *Tray* ! I'll remember thee
soon,

If I live to grow sweet, I'll give thee a Bone.

Derry down, &c.

For he new that poor *Tray* was most highly abus'd,
And if any, himself, thus deserv'd to be us'd ;
For 'twas certainly he, (who else could he think ;)
'Twas certainly he that must make all the Stink.

Derry down, &c

So

So when he came Home he sat down on his Bed,
His Elbow at distance supported his Head :
His Body long while like a Pendulum went ;
But all he could do did not alter the Scent.

Derry down, &c.

Thus hipp'd, he got up and he pull'd off his Cloaths,
He peep'd in his Breeches, and smelt to his Hose,
And the very next Morning fresh Cloaths he put on,
All, all but a Waistcoat, for he had but one.

Derry down, &c.

But changing his Coaths did not alter the Case,
And so he stunk on for three Weeks and three Days :
Till to send for a Doctor he thought it most meet ;
'For tho' he was not, his Life it was sweet.

Derry down, &c.

The Doctor he came, felt his Pulse in a Trice ;
Then crept at a Distance to give his Advice !
But sweating, nor bleeding, nor purging wou'd do :
For instead of one Stink, this only made two.

Derry down, &c.

The Fryar oft times to his Glass would repair,
But to death he was fright'ned whene'er he came there ;
His Eyes were so sunk, and he look'd so aghast,
He verily thought he was stinking his Last.

Derry down, &c.

So for Credit, he hastens to burn all his Prole,
And into the Fire his Verses he throws ;
When searching his Pockets to make up the Pile,
He found out the Snipe that had stunk all the while,

Derry down, &c.

So he hopes you'll now think him wholesome again,
 Since his Waistcoat discovers the Cause of his Pain :
 To conclude, the poor *Fryar* intreats you to note,
 That you might have been sweet, had you been in his
 Coat.

Derry down, &c

The CURIOUS MAID.

A TALE.

BEAUTY's a gaudy *Sign*, no more,
 To tempt the Gazer to the Door ;
Within the Entertainment lies,
 Far off remov'd from vulgar Eyes.

Thus *Cloe*, beautiful and gay
 As on her Bed the *Wanton* lay,
 Hardly awake from Dreaming o'er
 Her Conquest of the Day before.

And what's this *hidden Charm* (she cry'd)
 And spurn'd th'embracing Cloaths aside
 From Limbs of such a Shape, and Hue,
 As *Titian's* Pencil never drew,
 Resolv'd the *Dark-Abode* to trace,
 Of Female Honour, or Disgrace ;
 Where Virtue finds her Task too hard,
 And often slumbers on the Guard.

Th.

Th' Attempt she makes, and *buckles* to
With all her Might; but 'twou'd not do:
Still, as she *bent*, the *Part* requir'd,
As conscious of its Shame, *retir'd*.

What's to be done? We're all a-ground!
Some other Method must be found—
Water *Narcissus' Face* cou'd show,
And why not *Gloe's Charms below*?
Big with this Project, she applies
The *Jordan* to her Virgin Thighs:
But the dull *Lake* her Wish denies.

What Luck is here? We're foil'd again?
The *Devil's in the Dice*, that's plain!
No *Chymist* e'er was so perplex'd;
No jilted *Coxcomb* half so vex'd;
No *Bard*, whose gentler Muse excels
At *Tunbridge, Bath, or Epsom-Well*,
Ordain'd by *Phæbus' special Grace*,
To sing the Beauties of the Place,
E'er pump'd, and chaf'd to that Degree,
To tag his fav'rite Simile.

Thus Folks are often at a Stand,
When Remedies are near at Hand!
For lo! the *Glass*—ay, *That* indeed!
'Tis *Ten to One* we now *succeed*!
To this Relief she flies amain,
And straddles o'er the *shining-Plain*,

The

The shining-Plain reflects at large
 All *Damon's* Wish and *Clio's* Charge.
The Curious Maid in deep Surprise,
 On the *Grim Feature* fix'd her Eyes:
 (Far less amaz'd *Aeneas* stood,
 When by *Avernus's* sacred Flood,
 He saw *Hell's Portal* fring'd with *Wood*.)

And is this all, is this (she cry'd)
Man's great *Desire*, and *Woman's* *Pride* ;
 The *Spring* whence flows the *Lover's* Pain,
 The *Ocean* where 'tis lost again,
 By *Fate* for ever doom'd to prove
 The *Nursery* and *Grave* of *Love* ?

O Thou of dire and horrid Mien,
 And always better felt than seen !
 Fit Rapture for the gloomy *Night*,
 O, never more approach the *Light* !
 Like other *Myſtries* Men adore,
 Be hid to be rever'd the more.

The BITERS Bit.

A TALE.

A *Farmer* once to *London* went,
 To pay the worthy *Squire* his Rent.
 He comes, he knocks, soon Entrance gains ;
 (Who, at the Door, such Guests detains ?)

Out

or, the Merry Mortal's Companion.



Out struts the 'Squire exceeding smart ;

“ Farmer you're welcome to my Heart.

“ You've brought my Rent then ?—To a Hair,—

“ The best of Tenants, I declare.”

The Steward's call'd, Accounts made even.

The Money paid, Reccipt was given.

“ Well (quoth the Squire now you shall stay,

“ And dine with me, old Friend, to Day ;

“ I've here some Ladies wond'rous pretty,

“ And pleasant Sparks ; I warn't they'll fit ye.”

He scratch'd his Ears, and held his Hat,

And said, “ No Zur, two Words to that.

“ For, look, d'ye zee ; when I'se do dine

“ With Gentlewives zoo cruel Vine,

“ I'd use to make (and 'tis no wonder)

“ In Word or Deed, some deadly Blunder :

“ Zoo, if your Honour will permit,

“ Che'll with your Zarvants pick a Bit.”

“ Pooh ! (says the Squire) it shan't be done,”

And to the Parlour push'd him on.

To all around he nods and scrapes ;

Not waiting Maid, or Butler scapes ;

With often bidding, takes his Seat ;

But at a Distance mighty great ;

Tho' often ask'd to draw his Chair,

He nods, nor comes one Inch more near :

By Madam serv'd, with Body bended ;

With Knife and Fork, and Arms extended,

He reaches out, as far as able,

To Plate, that over-hung the Table.

With

With little Morfels cheats his Chops,
 And some, alas ! i' th' Passage drops.
 'To shew where most his Heart inclin'd,
 He talk'd, and drank to *John* behind.
 When drank to in the modish Way,
 —“ Your Love's sufficient, Zur,”—he'd say
 And, to be thought a Man of Manners,
 Still rose, to make his awkward Honours.
 —“ Pish, says the Squire, pray keep your Sitting.
 “ No, no, (he cries) Zur 'tis not vitting
 “ Tho' Cham no Schollard, vars'd in Letters,
 “ I'll k'now my Duty to my Betters.”
 Much Mirth the Farmer's Ways afford,
 And hearty Laughs go round the Board.

Thus, the first Course was ended well ;
 But, at the next, ah ! what befel !
 The Dishes now were nicely plac'd,
 And Table with fresh Lux'ry grac'd ;
 When drank, to by a neighb'ring Charmer,
 Up, as was usual, stands the Farmer.
 A Wag, to carry on the Joke,
 Thus to his Servant softly spoke,
 “ Come hither, *Dick*, step gently there
 “ And pull away the Farmer's Chair.”
 'Tis done—his Congee made, the Clown
 Draws back, and stoops to sit him down ;
 But by Posteriors over weigh'd
 And of his trusty Seat betray'd,
 As Men at Twigs in River sprawling,
 He catch'd the Cloth to save his falling ;

In vain, sad Fortune! down he wallow'd,
And, rattling, all the Dishes follow'd.
The Foplings lost their little Wits;
The Ladies squall'd; some fell in Fits:
Here tumbled Turkeys, Tarts, and Pidgeons,
And there Mince-pies, and Geese, and Widgeons.
Large Floods of Butter float around him,
And gravy Sauce had almost drown'd him;
A Pear-pye on his Belly drops,
A Custard-pudding meets his Chops.
What sad ado, 'twixt Belles and Beaux!
Some curse—some cry—and rub their Cloaths.
This Lady raves,—and that looks down,
And weeps and wails her spatter'd Gown.
One Spark bemoans brocaded Wastecoat,
One (swearing cries) ' he's spoil'd my Lac'd-coat.'
Amidst the Rout, the Farmer long
The Pudding suck'd, and held his Tongue.
At length he gets him on his Breech,
And scrambles up, to make his Speech.
First scrapes Eyes, Mouth, and Nostrils twangs,
Then smacks his Fingers—and harangues,
“ I've twold my Measter how two'd be;
“ Looks here's a Pickle, Zurs, d'ye zee?
“ But for my zel' I've did not care:—
“ 'Tis worse for you vine Gentry there.
“ What odds is't, if my Things be zoild?
“ When yours be vould, you think 'em spoil'd.
“ And some chi'll warn't, that make this Chatter,
“ Have Geer bedaub'd with Grease and Butter,

"That coſt"—(He had gone ;) but here
Was ſtopt at once in his Career.

"Peace, Brute, begone," the Ladies cry :
The Beaux exclaim—"fly, Rascal, fly ;"
"I'll tear his Eyes out,"—Squeaks Miſs *Molly* ;
"I'll Pink his Soul out,"—roars a Bully.

At this the Farmer ſhrinks for fear ;
And thinking 'twas ill tarrying here ;
Shabs off ; and ſays—"Ay kill me then,
"Whene'er you catch me here agen."
So home he jogs, and leaves the Squire
To cool the Sparks, and Ladies Ire.
Here ends my Tale, and now I'll try.
Like *Prior*, ſomething to apply.

This may teach Rulers of a Nation,
Not to place Men above their Station.
And this may ſhew the wanton Wit,
That while he bites, he may be bit.



F I N I S.



